

WOOD-NOTES WILD

JOHN WILSON ROBERTSON



NOTE.

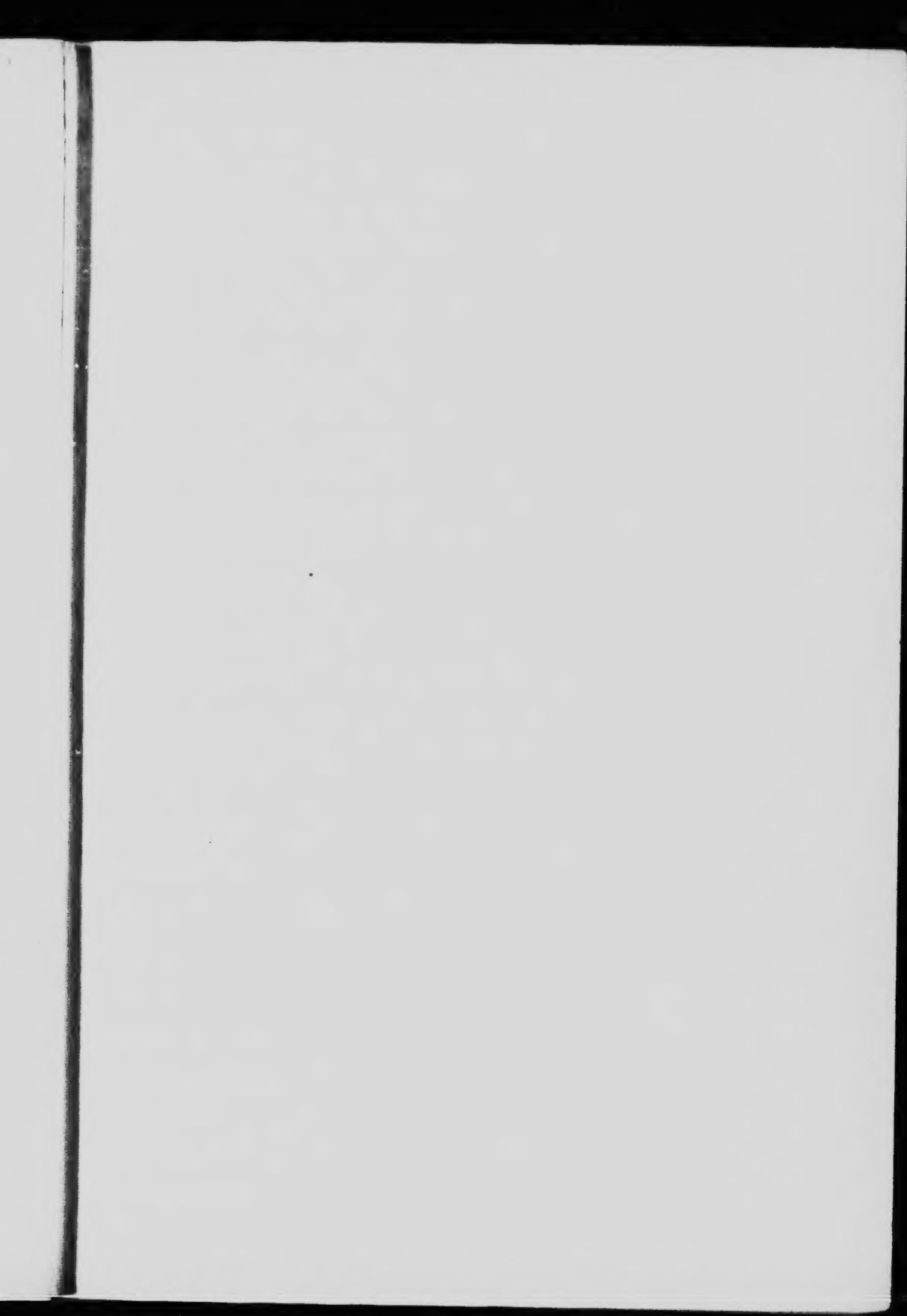
A number of the pieces in this book have been set to music, and have been very popular. The following pieces in sheet music size can yet be had from the Author by sending him 25 cents in stamps or postal order. Three pieces sent for 50 cents.

NAMES OF SONGS.

- "I Waited in the Moonlight."
- "My May, or When Love is King."
- "Sons o' Scotland."
- "Bonnie Scotland."
- "Sweet Olive Detlor."
- "Love Makes the Home."
- "The Bairns are a' Awa'."

Address

JOHN W. ROBERTSON, J.P.
318 North Syndicate Ave.,
Fort William, Ont., Canada.





JOHN WILSON ROBERTSON
(Bard o' Glen-Eerie).

WOOD-NOTES WILD

BY

JOHN WILSON ROBERTSON, J.P.

(Bard o' Glen-Eerie.)

SECOND AND GREATLY ENLARGED EDITION



**TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS**

1912

PS3485

226

W.C.

1912

C.2

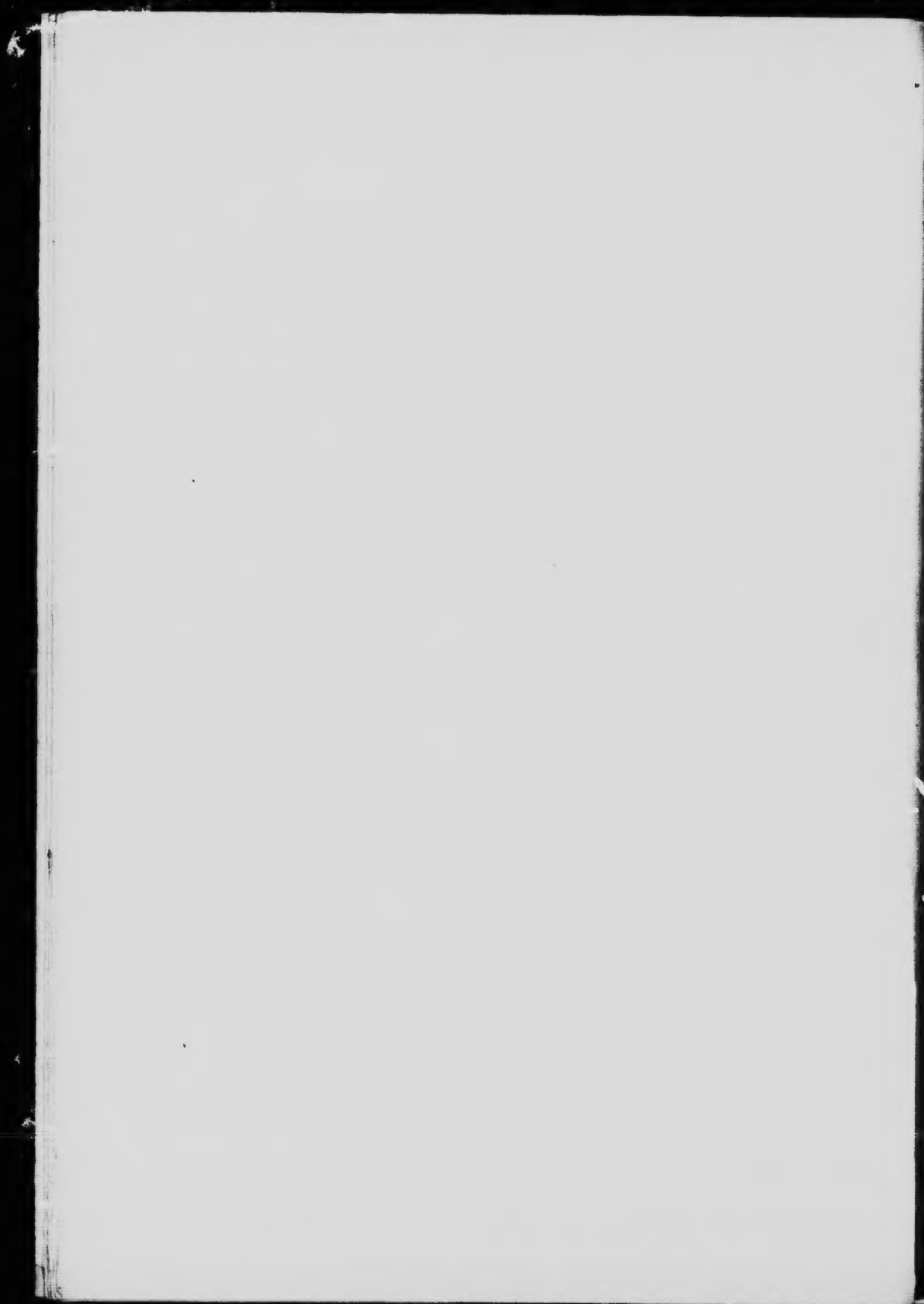
821

R547

**GUELPH PUBLIC
LIBRARY**

**Copyright, Canada, 1912, by
JOHN WILSON ROBERTSON**

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
CATHERINE FRASER,
LATE WIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
WHO WENT TO REST, AUGUST 30th, 1903.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface	1
To Hazel	2
Sweet Olive Detlor	3
Where is My Girl To-night?	7
Lines to an Old Indian Scalping Knife	8
The Maid of Stanley Bridge	10
Somebody's Son	11
Glen-Eerie	12
The Auld Sangs	13
My Darling	14
My Darling's Cold Bed	15
Our Georgia	16
Mayor John Morton	17
Fort William's Appeal to Electors	18
Canada	20
In Memoriam—Wesley Manning	21
To Canada	22
The Forest	24
Life in the Bush	26
"Glen-Eerie"	28
The Lion and Her Whelps	29
After Threescore Years	30
A Tribute to John McKellar	31
The Bairns are a' Awa'	33
Be Kind Tae the Auld Folks	35
The Auld Schule-Hoose	37
They're a' Wearin' Awa'	39
In Memoriam—John McKellar	40
In Memoriam—Martha Wilson	42
A Welcome to Our Soldier Boys	43
Will They All Come Back Again?	44
To Scotland	46
Lines Written for Camp "Glen-Eerie," Sons o' Scotland	47
We Are Gatherin' In	49
To the Memory of Burns	51

CONTENTS.

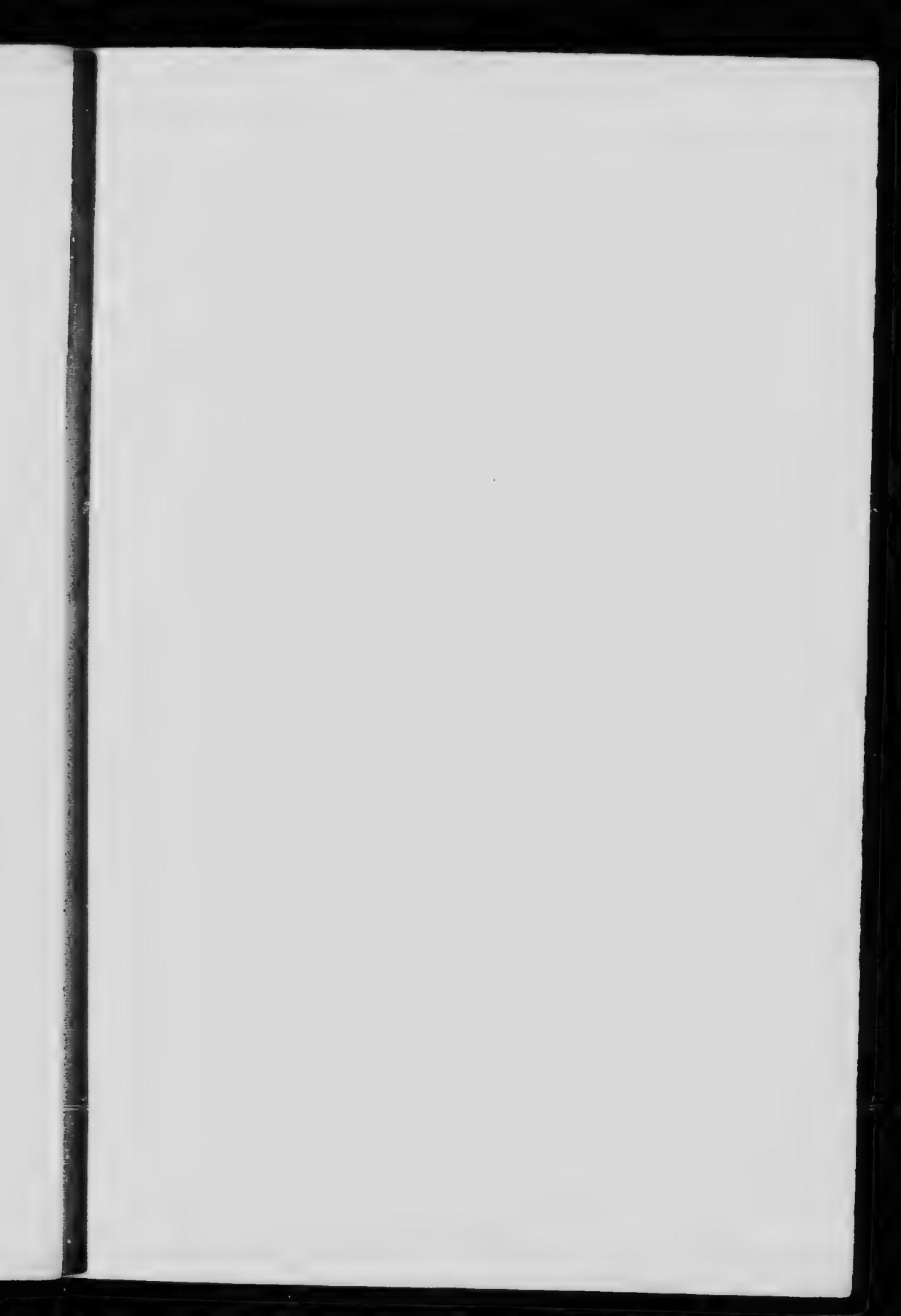
	PAGE
New Ontario - - - - -	53
To Mount McKay - - - - -	55
Love o' Scotland - - - - -	58
The Music of the Bells - - - - -	60
At Threescore and Ten - - - - -	62
This Canada of Ours - - - - -	63
We Parted in Anger - - - - -	65
Thoughts of Home - - - - -	66
Lines to Miss Burnett and her Scottish Concert Company - - - - -	88
Lines of Welcome to Grand Chief Fraser - - - - -	69
Looking Forward - - - - -	70
An Appeal to the Muse - - - - -	71
The Mystic Ford - - - - -	73
The Sleeping Giant - - - - -	74
Lines Written Under the Cloud of Adversity - - - - -	75
Lines to Alasdair Stewart Robertson - - - - -	76
My Mary on the Banks of the "Kam" - - - - -	78
Will Ye Niffer Wi' Me? - - - - -	79
Her Answer - - - - -	80
My Annie - - - - -	81
Making Farms o' Our Ain - - - - -	82
My Nannie - - - - -	83
Canada, My Home - - - - -	85
My Jessie - - - - -	86
Come, a' Ye Sons o' Scotland - - - - -	87
Annie is There - - - - -	88
My Beau is But a Laddie Yet - - - - -	90
Scotland's Bluebells - - - - -	91
Scotland's Heathery Hills - - - - -	92
Scotland For Ever - - - - -	93
An Ode to Song - - - - -	94
Yon Bonnie Dells - - - - -	95
The Bonnie Braes o' Leader - - - - -	96
Dreamin' o' Scotland - - - - -	97
Glen-Eerie's Bard - - - - -	99
To the Memory of General Hector McDonald - - - - -	100

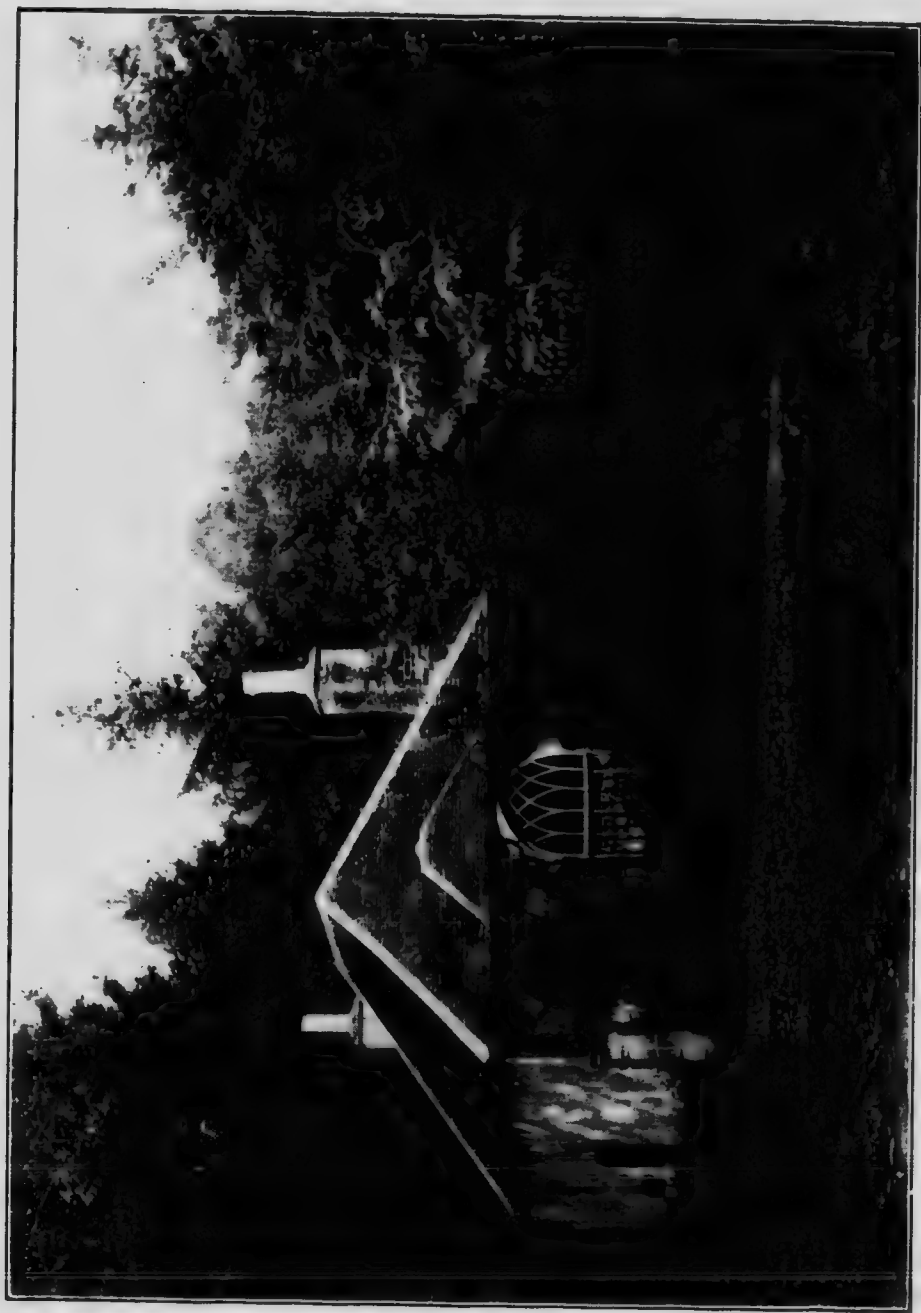
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Scotland's Auld Sangs - - - - -	101
The Sangs o' Bonnie Scotland - - - - -	102
Lines Written Upon Reading Some Disparaging Lines Upon Scotland by "Critic" - - - - -	103
My Mary in Heaven - - - - -	104
Love of the Country - - - - -	105
Tell Me the Old, Old Story - - - - -	106
Sailing Down the River - - - - -	107
Longing for Rest - - - - -	109
When the Evening Shadows Fall - - - - -	110
Let the Bonnie Sunshine In - - - - -	111
Come, Let Us Away - - - - -	112
To a Sprig of Heather - - - - -	113
The Bonnie Wee Island - - - - -	114
Retrospection - - - - -	115
The Thistle - - - - -	117
The Heather - - - - -	118
The Broom - - - - -	120
The Hills o' Bonnie Scotland - - - - -	121
Kakabeka Falls - - - - -	123
My Ain Native Hame - - - - -	124
The Vacant Chair - - - - -	125
Death - - - - -	126
Lines to Miss Bessie McDonald - - - - -	129
Despondency - - - - -	130
The Home That Mother Made - - - - -	131
Since Death Took Kate Away - - - - -	133
Do I Miss Her? - - - - -	134
Kind Thoughts - - - - -	135
Lines Written to be Read on Burns' Night, 1904 - - - - -	137
To Gracie - - - - -	139
At Last - - - - -	140
God Bless the Heather - - - - -	141
My Lass Ower the Sea - - - - -	142
Bessie's Hame - - - - -	143
Waiting - - - - -	144
Auld Lang Syne - - - - -	145

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Baby	147
Calmly Waiting	148
Home	149
I Waited in the Moonlight	150
Winter	152
The Whisperings of the Past	153
My Bonnie Scotch Lassie	155
A Midnight Reverie	157
The Lane Auld Man	158
My Mary	159
A Modern Jacobite Song	161
Song of the Exile	163
Cradle Song	165
The Unseen Land	167
The Auld Sanga	168
The Ending of Life's Storms	169
Weep With Those Who Weep	170
Life is Not Always Sunshine	171
Proposed Change of Name of Fort William	172
In Memoriam—Author of "The Maple Leaf For Ever"	174
Sons o' Scotland	175
Sons of England	177
To Scotland	179
A Prayer	181
Hame	182
Canadian Anthem	183
Sweet Were the Hours	185
'Tis Then I Wish to Die	187
Love Makes the Home	188
Threescore Years and Ten	189
I'll Think of Thee	191
The Weary Days o' Winter	192
It's Bonnie in the Springtime	194
The Verge of Life	196
The Daughter's Farewell	197
After Many Years	199
Epilogue	200





CAROLSIDE, WEST LODGE, BERWICKSHIRE, SCOTLAND.
The House in which the Author was Born.

PREFACE.

Prefaces are, I believe, out of date now; nevertheless, at the risk of being counted old-fashioned, I wish to say a few words to my readers on launching upon the market this collection of verse. A few years ago, I had printed a small booklet of verse, and the same received very favorable notice, not only from home papers, but also from many of the leading newspapers, both in the East and West; the whole edition of one thousand copies was sold out in fifteen days, which was very gratifying to me, and since then I have often been importuned to risk something on a larger scale. This I have now done, in issuing the present volume of *WOOD-NOTES WILD*. I may not even be rated as a fourth class writer of verse, but let us remember that every star is not a comet, every flower is not a rose, and every hill is not an alp; and if I have been endowed with a small share of the "poetic fire," surely I am justified in making use of it, humble though it be. There has been no attempt made at classification, but, to please a whim of my own, I have had the pieces printed in the order in which they were written. I now leave *WOOD-NOTES WILD* in the hands of, and to the mercy of, a generous public, and I hope that none of my readers will lay aside this collection of verse without having received some crumbs of pleasure.

JOHN WILSON ROBERTSON, J.P.
(Bard o' Glen-Eerie.)

Fort William, Ontario,
March, 1912.

TO HAZEL.

*By the classic shores of the winding "Kam,"
Where the tasselled birch and the poplars green
Make each sylvan nook seem a fairy lawn,
Where the Kelpies dance 'side the amber sheen.*

Refrain—

*Sweet are the hours I spend there with my darling,
And sweet are the songs my dear Hazel doth sing;
She is the fairest of all the fair blossoms
That bloom in the forest by moss-covered spring.*

*Green are the fields that smile by the river,
And soft is the moss in the forest glades;
Sweet are the songs that roll on forever
From Heaven's own choir in the green leafy shades.
Sweet are the hours, etc.*

*Soft is the tinkle of murmuring rill,
As it wimples past each flower-bedeck'd lawn,
Twisting and creeping around each green hill,
Then losing itself in the arms of the "Kam."
Sweet are the hours, etc.*

*It is there by the forest's mossy glades,
There by the banks of the rolling river,
Dwells Hazel, my pride, and fairest of maids,
'Twas there she promised to be mine forever.
Sweet are the hours, etc.*

SWEET OLIVE DETLOR.

*Where the "Neebing" glides sae softly 'mang bonnie
flowery meads,*

*And little birdies twitter on ilka hangin' bough,
Where ilka hill and valley record the "red-man's" deeds,
That are passin' fast away and are near forgotten now,
It is there beneath the shadow of hoary "Mount
McKay."*

*Where lives the sweetest lassie in a' the bonnie vale;
She's gracefu' as the willow that fringe the bonnie
stream,*

Her smiles are as bewitchin' as sunbeams on the dale.

Chorus—

*Then come and join in the chorus, my boys,
And fill up your cups tae the brim,
There's nane mair worthy a sang frae the bard,
Than sweet Olive Detlor sae trim.*

*And when her fairy fingers glide o'er the magic keys,
The melody that follows and flutters round the room,
Sounds as if the gates o' Heav'n were a' set ajar,
And a' the angels singin' wi' gowden harps in tune.
Then when she takes tae liltin' ower some auld Scottish
sang,*

*The nightingale's sweet music wi' hers canna compare;
It is sweet as the murmur o' some wee tinklin' stream,
Or voices of the angels that float upon the air.*

Then come and join in the chorus, my boys, etc.

SWEET OLIVE DETLOR

*Her winnin' ways are many as the sand upon the shore,
Her heart it is as faithfu' as the needle to the pole,
The sparkle o' her e'e is as bright as twinklin' star,
The dew that fa's frae Heav'n is na purer than her
soul.*

*She's modest as the daisy that blooms on yonder lea,
Her nature is as lovin' as heart o' turtle-dove.
Oh, happy is the swain who gains her sunny smile,
And thrice happy is he who gains her heart's deep love.
Then come and join in the chorus, my boys, etc.*

WOOD-NOTES WILD



WOOD-NOTES WILD.

WHERE IS MY GIRL TO-NIGHT?

A Companion to "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

WHERE is my erring girl to-night?
The girl I nursed with care,
The girl who was of my home the light,
The loved one of many a prayer?

Oh, where is my girl to-night?
Oh, where is my girl to-night?
My heart doth mourn for her return.
Oh, where is my girl to-night?

Once she was pure as snowflakes white,
Pure as the dew on the rose;
Her love was true and her heart was light,
She knew not sin nor its woes.

In an evil hour the tempter came,
Came as an angel of light,
But led her astray and left her in shame;
Oh, where is my girl to-night?

Go seek my girl, go search with care,
Bring her home with all her blight;
There's a Saviour still who answers prayer;
Go find me my girl to-night.

LINES TO A SCALPING-KNIFE.

Then come home, my lost one, to-night;
Oh, come home, my loved one, to-night;
Thy sin, tho' great, repent of tho' late,
Angels sing you a welcome to-night.

February 17th, 1889.

LINES

On finding an old Indian "scalping-knife" on the farm
of Glen-Eerie.

AYE, gaze on me, stranger,
And ponder awhile;
It will e'en do you good,
And help to beguile
The long, lonely hours,
For I think you must weary,
All alone by yourself,
In the wilds of Glen-Eerie.

You have wakened me up
From my sleep of long ages,
And now ask me to tell
What would fill many pages,
And rehearse the wild deeds
I have seen in my day,
In the hands of the Red Man
Around Thunder Bay.

I was forged in old England,
Then sent o'er the sea;
When possessed by the Red Man,
Right well pleased was he;

LINES TO A SCALPING-KNIFE.

For he saw in me lay
Both life and grim death;
So he danced, whooped and shouted,
Till he rolled on the earth.

I have slain in the chase,
And I've deep in war struck;
For my owner was bold
And had plenty of pluck.
I have drunk the heart's blood
Of the lone settler's wife,
And the innocent babes
I have sent from this life.

But why tarry longer
On such bloody tales;
Those days are long gone,
And there's no heart now quails
At the name of the Red Man
As it was in the past;
For the hatchet lies buried
And peace reigns at last.

Then brighten me up well,
And label me, too,
Telling where I was found—
That the finder was you;
Put me in a show-case
And make my life cheery,
Resting sweetly at last
In your home called "Glen-Eerie."

THE MAID OF STANLEY BRIDGE.

WHERE the classic Kaministiquia
In beauty sweeps along
By Stanley's fair and verdant banks,
Dwells Laura of my song.

Oh, she is young and lovely,
She is my heart's delight;
Of her by day I ponder,
I dream of her by night.

She's fairer than the lily white,
Or e'en the blushing rose;
When I'm in her sweet company
Dispelled are all my woes.

Oh, she is young and lovely, etc.

Her eyes like stars are beaming,
She's full of mirth and fun;
Dear Laura is the girl for me,
She has my heart quite won.

Oh, she is young and lovely, etc.

SOMEBODY'S SON.

DREDGED from the bottom of the river,
Somebody's son;
Found 'mongst the filth in the river,
Somebody's darling son.

Somebody longed and waited
For him to come;
Somebody lives still hoping
To meet their son.

Maybe some fair child is asking,
"When will father come;"
Maybe some fond heart is breaking,
O'er the absence of "one."

All that remains now of manhood,
A few bleached bones;
Laid away in a nameless grave
Is somebody's son.

GLEN-EERIE.

I'VE a little log cabin at Glen-Eerie,
And its measurements are only twelve by ten;
When of town's folks and town's ways I grow weary,
Then I hie me away to the Glen.

For I'm happy when I'm there,
Free from all the world's care,
With nothing to disturb Nature's repose;
I am monarch of the dell,
Where Queen Nature loves to dwell,
I'm happy there and free from all my woes.

Of the world and its ways I am weary,
I am tired of its mockery and sham;
But when I rusticate at Glen-Eerie
I'm free from the hypocrisies of man.

I have proved a smiling face doth often cover
A heart full of deceit and wicked guile;
But around me at the "Glen" there seems to hover
The beaming face of Nature and her smile.

The plaudits of the world are all hollow,
Friendship is but a dictionary name;
Affection ne'er lasts longer than the morrow,
But Nature at the "Glen" is aye the same.

THE AULD SANGS.

THERE's something in the auld Scotch sangs,
That makes the heart tae thrill;
The music seems as soothing
As the murmur o' the rill.
They seem tae loose the heart strings
And set the feelings free;
O' a' the sangs I ever hear
The Scotch sangs are for me.

We're carried back tae bairnhood days;
We see each bairnhood scene;
The rugged hills where heather blooms
And fertile haughs sae green;
The fields where Bruce and Wallace fought,
The castles auld and grim.
Age and decay they seem tae mock
They stand sae trig and trim.

There something in the auld land yet
We have na in the new;
There's something touching in its sangs,
They seem sae sweet and true.
Our new hame may be bright and fair,
Broad fields tae us belang;
But naething seems to cheer the heart
Like some auld Scottish sang.

MY DARLING.

FROM God's own nursery, where baby angels roam,
Heaven's King sent me one to brighten my home.
He came like the snowdrops in the early spring,
With heaven's smile on his face, heaven's dew on his
wing.

For six short weeks—Ah! how short they did seem!—
Did this little baby angel sweeten my every dream;
Each touch from his baby fingers thrilled my soul
through;
Yes, I made him an idol and it seems that God knew.

For He took him away again and now my heart's sore,
But I hope to meet my darling on yonder angel shore.
I thought when he came to me he was my very own,
That the bud would remain till the rose was fully
blown.

My eyes are sore with weeping and my heart's full of
pain,
Though I mourn I do not murmur, for I'll meet my
babe again;
And I'll prize more the cherub that is still left to me,
Love and train him for Jesus and for eternity.

MY DARLING'S COLD BED.

COLD, cold is the bed where my darling lies sleeping;
And cold is the white shroud that mantles her grave;
Cold howl the winds o'er her cold, lonely resting-place;
Yet she sleeps there as sound as the green painted
wave.

The winter's cold storms have no power to disturb her,
The rush of the river cannot break her repose;
The lays of the warblers ne'er enter her dwelling,
So deep is her sleep, free from pleasures and woes.

There she will rest with the flowers waving o'er her,
And there she will sleep throughout sunshine and
storm;
Dreamless oblivion encircling her narrow bed,
And her deep sleep unbroken until that great morn

Oh! bright were the days she was here for to cheer me,
And merry the prattle that fell from her tongue;
Sweet her caress as dew from an angel's cup,
But cruel death claimed her, my darling, so young.

Lone is my heart now, it's torn and it's broken,
Shattered the life cords that throb feebly now;
There's a sad, aching void now somewhere in my bosom,
But humbly to Heaven's will I'm trying to bow.

Sleep on, my darling, and sweet be your slumbers;
Sleep on, loved one, I'll soon follow you home;
I know your dear voice will be first for to welcome
Me home to the Eden shores, there ever to roam.

OUR GEORGIA.

DEATH hath sealed the smiling lips,
Death hath stayed the prattling tongue;
Death hath stilled the pattering feet,
Death hath claimed her, though so young.

Stilled now are the little hands
That so busy used to be;
Helping mamma make the bread,
Helping grandma make the tea.

Grandpa misses you, my darling;
Mamma's heart is very sore;
But we hope to meet our Georgia
Over on the other shore.

Your dear papa was not here
To kiss the cold and marble brow;
He will sadly miss his darling—
Here he'll never meet you now.

Oh, 'tis hard to look upon you,
Lying there so cold and still;
Grace is needed now to help us,
Humbly bow to Heavenly will.

MAYOR JOHN MORTON.

SOUND the loud timbrel
On Thunder Bay shore,
The days of McKellar
Are now nearly o'er;
Too long have the people
Been acting the lamb,
But now in our might
We will act the old ram.

Friendship heretofore
Has carried the day,
But Justice now calls
And her call we'll obey.
The fame of our town
No longer will be
A by-word and reproach
To posterity.

With justice before us,
Each voter will vote.
With honor and duty
Mixed up in the pot,
With themes such as these
To enlighten our way,
We'll elect Johnny Morton
Upon voting day.

FORT WILLIAM'S APPEAL TO ELECTORS.

VOTERS, voters, up and rally,
Be in earnest in the fight;
There is need for brains and judgment
To guide the civic ship aright.

Nature hath done much to help us,
The C. P. R. has done its share;
But to rush the golden future
Depends upon the civic chair.

A golden future hangs before us,
Tempting as the clustering grape;
But to realize our greatness
We must not sit down and wait.

Send men to the council chamber,
Men with push, and go, and vim;
Leave old fogies at the fireside,
Fort William has no use for them.

Don't be led by boss or master,
Don't be led by friendship's plea,
Common sense to you will dictate
Who our future leaders be.

FORT WILLIAM'S APPEAL TO ELECTORS.

Let us get out of the old rut,
Antiquated ways forego;
Fire those antediluvians
With their funeral pace so slow.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves,"
Now's our time to prove our zeal,
By sending men to represent us
Fired with our fair town's weal.

Antemundanes and all boodlers,
Clear the track, out of the way,
Honest men and go-ahead ones
Now will fight and win the day.

CANADA.

DEAR Canada, we'll herald wide thy praise,
Our love for thee is solid as thy hills,
And thy hardy sons of toil
Are no cumb'ers of the soil,
Thy daughters pure and lovely as thy rilla.

Refrain—

Dear Canada, the fair, the free,
Our hearts with rapture swell for thee;
For thee we'll live, for thee we'll die;
And dying, shout, Dear Canada!

Here are homes for the sons of all nations;
Like Heaven, all thy lands are free and fair;
We extend a welcome hand
To the sons of every land
To come and have a homestead as their share.

We revere and we honour our dear Queen;
All her laws we respect and will obey;
Should a foeman ever dare
Plant his foot in our home fair,
We'll be found in British ranks on that day.

We are proud of our place 'mongst the nations;
We are proud of our Canada's fair name;
Our forefathers bled and died
And their blood to us has cried,
To keep our country's honour without stain.

March 13th, 1898.

IN MEMORIAM.

Wesley Manning, died October 19th, 1898, aged 29 years.

THE husband, father, friend,
Hath passed from us away,
He's gone to meet his Georgia
In realms of endless day.

She'd be the first to greet him
And take him by the hand,
With radiant smile she'd lead him
Amongst the ransomed band.

Bravely he fought Death's arrows
(His ties to earth were strong),
But Death claimed him a victim,
He'd been a mark for long.

He's left a childless mother,
He's left a widowed wife,
To battle with the world alone,
Its sorrows and its strife.

But God will surely comfort
And hear the widow's prayer,
And lead her in the heavenly path
To Wess and Georgia there.

TO CANADA.

WHERE the sun shines the brightest,
There is Canada.
Where the snows fall the whitest,
There is Canada.
Where the flowers bloom the fairest,
With their perfumes the rarest,
And waters are the clearest,
This is Canada the fair.

Refrain—

Oh, Canada, fair Canada,
Thy beauties I will sing;
From ocean unto ocean
Thy praises I will ring.

Where the sky is ever blue,
There is Canada.
Where fair scenes are ever new,
There is Canada.
Where the rivers run o'er gold,
In the far northland so cold,
Whose riches have ne'er been told,
This is Canada the fair.

Where cleft mountains kiss the sky,
There is Canada.
Where wide prairies smiling lie,
There is Canada.

TO CANADA.

Where rivers are wide and deep,
And where inland oceans sleep,
O'er which sails an inland fleet,
 This is Canada the fair.

Where women are sung in song,
 There is Canada.
Where young men are brave and strong.
 There is Canada.
Where Winter reigns as king,
'Twixt the autumn and the spring;
And where wild birds sweetly sing,
 This is Canada the fair.

THE FOREST.

SPRING.

THERE'S a beauty in the forest
When the blushing buds unfold,
Disclosing in their loveliness
Such tints pen ne'er has told;
When the forest's sweetest minstrels
Trill loud their sweetest lay,
And the laughing, dancing streamlets
Gleam in each sunny ray.

SUMMER.

There's a beauty in the forest
When the summer sun doth shine,
Gilding every leaf and flowerlet,
With bright hues that are divine.
And when the leaping lightning
And crashing thunders roll,
There is a grand sublimity
Felt trembling in the soul.

AUTUMN.

There's a beauty in the forest
When cool autumn tints each spray
With magic brush from elfin-land
And makes the forest gay;
When luscious fruits in clusters
Hang temptingly in view,
And every tiny blade of grass
Is diamonded with dew.

THE FOREST.

WINTER.

There's a beauty in the forest
When wintry winds blow loud,
When each twig and branch is covered
With heaven's own mystic shroud;
'Tis true, as has been written,
By a poet of renown,
That a pure God made the country,
But corrupt man made the town.

Glen-Eerie, Nov. 30th, 1898.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

It's eerie in the forest
When the snaw lies cauld an' deep,
When every little burnie
Is sound in frozen sleep;
An' when the mune is shinin'
On every tree and stump,
Every shadow seems a bogie,
An' gaurs the heart gae thump.

It's eerie in the forest,
Tae hear the hoolits cry,
An' hear the foxes barkin'
At the shack as they gae by.
An' tae hear "Mr. Bruin"
A-scratchin' at the door,
Sets a' yir hair arisin'
An' sweat drips frae ilk pore.

It's eerie in the forest,
Tae hear the thunners crash,
An' see the jagged lichtnin'
Some giant monarch smash.
An', oh, but it is eerie
Tae hear the waters swish
As they gae rowin' onward
Past rock, an' stane, an' bush.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

An' then, e'en in the simmer,
When life we should enjoy,
We're kept scratchin' an' a-slappin'
At the "skeeters" an' "blackfly."
Some folks ca' a' this pleasure,
I gi'e't a different name,
An' aften hae I rued the day
That I e'er left my hame.

'Tis true there is a recompense
For a' thae many ills,
When lookin' o'er my braid fields
My heart wi' pleasure fills;
An' sae I feel contented
Just wi' the luck I've got;
An' then I thank my Maker
E'en for my "Eerie Lot."

Glen Eerie, November, 1898.

"GLEN-EERIE."

WHEN weary with the toils
And worry of this life,
We seek some quiet rural glade
That's free from care and strife;

Some sacred sylvan nook,
Where Nature rules supreme;
Where God the Maker's handiwork
Can be in fullness seen;

Where gentle Peace doth greet
You with a winning smile;
Where the forest's quiet solitude
With sunny hours beguile;

Where the music of the zephyrs
And the twitter of the grove
Lull to rest the weary spirit
With world's cares inwove;

Where the dashing rush of waters
And the brooklet's song so cheery
Make a paradise on earth
Of this fairy spot "Glen-Eerie."

THE LION AND HER WHELPS.

(Written during the South African War.)

DEEP are the blood-red stains
The Union Jacks now bear,
And loud are the angry growls
From the Lion, the nations hear.
Stern are the brows of Britannia,
Stern her children's eye,
Nations look on and wonder
To see how her children die.

From India's sultry clime,
From Canada's forests wide,
From Australia's pleasant land,
Rush her children, a mighty tide;
All sworn to defend Britannia
Or die with their face to the foe.
God pity those who have dared to try
The Lion and her whelps to o'erthrow.

AFTER THREESCORE YEARS.

GONE are the dreams of my childhood,
Vanished like mists before the sun,
The castles that I built and the towers that I raised,
Have all crumbled down one by one.

Gone are the dreams of my manhood,
Of glory, of honour, of fame;
They've all been hollow shadows, blossoms without fruit,
All that is left is but the name.

Gone is my faith in all mankind,
Again and again in threescore years
I've proved all are hollow and full of vile deceit,
And fill the earth with sorrows and tears.

On earth there is nothing that is true,
Deceit lurks in the smiles that are given,
Pleasure and friendship are hollow mockeries here—
There's nothing true and lasting but heaven.

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN McKELLAR.

FORT WILLIAM has united
To honour its own king,
And he is John McKellar,—
His praises now I sing.

'Twas his good axe and muscle
First hewed the forest down,
And opened the first clearing
Where stands Fort William town.

'Twas he that worked the hardest
To bring our railways here,
And often his noble heart
Has stopped the falling tear.

'Twas John and Don and Peter,
Who first brought to the light
Our vast mineral riches,
Long hidden from the sight.

His big purple eye is open
To those who needy be;
His heart has many soft spots,
And is full of sympathy.

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN McKELLAR.

**At Councillor, Reeve and Mayor
He's sat upon the throne;
His colleagues in the chamber
Can tell he was no drone.**

**Strangers may sit in council,
And aliens fill the chair,
But ever in the people's heart,
McKellar will be Mayor.**

THE BAIRNS ARE A' AWA'.

For twa-score lang years an' mair
 L! auld gude wife an' I
Hae fought the warld's battles,
 As the years gaed slippin' by.

Refrain—

Now we are auld and weary,
 An' waitin' for the day
When He will send the chariot
 Tae take us hame, away;
We're langin' for the music
 The white-robed hosts will sing,
We're langin' for the presence
 O' Heaven's Eternal King.

We've had oor share o' troubles,
 O' sorrows an' o' pain;
An' aft bad luck o'ertook us,
 But we aye gat up again.

We've had four bonnie laddies,
 An' winsome lassies twa,
But noo the hoose is empty,
 For the bairns are a' awa'.

The hoose is like a graveyard,
 There is nae din awa',
An' oh, but it is lanesome
 Syne the bairns a' gaed awa'!

THE BAIRNS ARE A' AWA'.

An' noo in age's winter,
Wi' a' its aches an' pains,
There's nane tae gi'e us sympathy,
There's nane tae hear oor granes.

Soon the green sods will cover
Oor heads, maist white as snaw,
An' oh, may we be welcomed
At yon gates when ca'd awa'.

January, 1899.

BE KIND TAE THE AULD FOLKS.

Be kind tae the auld folks noo,
They have nae lang tae wait.
Sune will the grim messenger
Be ca'in at their gate;
An' when ye havena got them,
Ye'll think o' things that's past;
Oh! dinna fret an' worry them,
They havena lang tae last.

Be guid tae the auld folks,
Be kind tae them noo,
For little, little dae ye ken
What they hae dune for you.

Be kind tae the auld folks noo,
Just think what they hae dune;
Hoo they aince fed and cled you,
An' kept ye a' in shoon.
Aften they pinched their ain wame,
Tae keep you bairns in trim;
Then smile upon them lovin'ly
An' ne'er look soor an' grim.

BE KIND TAE THE AULD FOLKS.

Be kind tae the auld folks noo,
They hae seen better days;
They find it hard noo tae forget
Their queer auld-fashioned ways.
Sune the guid Lord will take them
Tae reign wi' Him abune;
Then pit up wi' a' their crochets,
As Christ Himself has dune.

Fort William, April 7.

THE AULD SCHULE-HOOSE.

'Twas a wee laigh hoose, an' had "clat-an'-clay" wa's,
An' 'twas theakit wi' heather frae the hills;
It had a big wooden lum,
Doon which oft the rain w'ad come,
An' spatter a' the lassies' braw frills.

Chorus.

That auld schule-hoose will be aye dear tae me,
Aften an' aften I dream o' it yet;
Tho' noo far awa' ayont the wide sea,
'That wee heathery hoose I'll ne'er forget.

It stood in a field at the forks o' the road,
Wi' a wee patch o' green grass atween,
Where us bairns aye used to play
At the leave hoors an' mid-day,
An' sic daffin' an' sic fun ne'er was seen.

We whiles played "cudy-loup" or "ringy" wi' the
bools,
An' aft we'd hae a game at "shinty" wild,
An' sometimes we'd gang n' dook
In a wee sma' purlin' brook,
But that was when the days were warm and mild.

THE AULD SCHULE-HOOSE.

The lassies danced wi' skippin' ropes along the dusty
road,
An' whiles they'd hae a game at "blind-man's buff,"
Hoo us laddies used to stare
At oor ain lassies sae fair,
Till they blushing ran awa' as in a huff.

The maister was a stern man, an' had a pin leg,
An' he also had a lang Roman nose;
An' when he that nose would blaw
Ye could maist hear a pin fa'—
'Twas a sign he was gaein' to use the tawse.

Threescore years hae come an' gane since there I used
tae play,
An' the deep, wide Atlantic rows atween,
But that schule I'll ne'er forget,
I can see each object yet,
Its photographed sae deep on memory's e'en.

THEY'RE A' WEARIN' AWA'.

THE frien's o' my youth are a' wearin' awa',
They are a' gaein' hame yin by yin;
Few noo are left for tae answer the ca',
An' He'll sune be a-gatherin' me in.

The young *may* dee, but the auld *maun* gang;
Ilka day brings us nearer tae the grave;
An' the langest life is only a short span,
An' a dotted auld life I'll nae crave.

Tho' this warld is bonnie an' pleasant tae the e'e,
Yet there's lots o' vexations an' strife;
I dinna think I'll murmur when death comes tae me,
Tae take me tae the ither happy life.

I'm nae vexed for leevin' an' I'll nae grudge tae dee,
I'm resigned tae the will o' the King;
But ready, aye, ready's the best way tae be,
An' we'll a' meet up yonder in a ring.

February 6th, 1900.

IN MEMORIAM.

John McKellar, died February 3rd, 1900.

FORT WILLIAM now weeps,
Her first son is no more,
He answered the summons
To yon other shore;
In manhood's ripe years
The chariot did come,
And bore him in triumph
To the evergreen home.

The poor well may weep
Till their eyes scalded be,
'Twill be hard for to find
Just another like he.
His purse was aye open
To want and to woe;
Few left him in sorrow
Who in sorrow did go.

A friend of the children
At all times was he,
And oft he would watch them
Dance wild in their glee;
He'd a smile and a nod
For earth's poorest son;
Nature ne'er made another,
Such a true nobleman.

IN MEMORIAM—JOHN McKELLAR.

Long the sceptre he swayed
By the "Kam's" classic tide;
Honours shone on his brow
Like orange-flowers on a bride;
And if charity covers
Man's failings below,
He'll now wave victory's palm,
Clad in robes white as snow.

No more by the "Kam's"
Lovely banks will he stray,
Where he felled the first tree
For a town to make way.
No more will his voice
Ring in meeting or hall;
It is now stilled for aye,
He has answered the call.
And of him can be said
Without fear of a "no,"
He left friends by the legion,
But not one single foe.

Glen-Eerie, February 5th, 1900.

IN MEMORIAM.

Martha Wilson, died at Lowell, Mass., February 2nd, 1900,
from the effects of burns.

FAR, far from her home, in Evangeline's land,
With no loving mother to watch by her side,
To smooth down her pillows with a soft, gentle hand,
A maid lay a-dying in her maidenhood pride.

Cruel were the flames that enwrapped her dear form,
Cruel were the pains that she patiently bore,
And sad were the tears that she shed there that morn,
For the loved ones at home she would never see more.

But friends stood around her to watch and to tend,
Friends raised up by Him she so soon was to see,
Kindly they watched by her side to the end,
Till God in His mercy from pain set her free.

To her heart-broken friends her loved body was sent,
To her own native home, away down by the sea;
And revered is the spot where her dust is now blent.
From life's sorrows and pains she is evermore free.

Fort William, February 20th, 1900.

A WELCOME TO OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

WHEN our soldier boys come home again from Afric's
bloody war,
We'll give them such a welcome that the very heavens
we'll jar;
A tear may spring unbidden from each tender heart and
eye,
For those who now sleep peacefully 'neath Afric's sunny
sky.

They did their duty bravely to country and to Queen,
We'll sing their praise in many a song to keep their
memories green,
While the Lion guards Britannia and the Union Jack
still waves,
Revered will be the honoured ground where sleep our
soldier braves.

Dear Canada with open hand will see to those that's
lamed
By filling all positions with those who've honour gained;
And who is more deserving of their Queen and countrie
Than those who fight the battles to keep Britannia free?

Then hip, hurrah! shout loud, my boys, make hill and
valley ring
With a true Canadian welcome to our boys who served
their Queen;
To the boys who showed the world that they could do
and dare,
For the honour of Britannia and Canadian homes so fair.

February 26th, 1900.

WILL THEY ALL COME BACK AGAIN?

THEY left us with roll of the drum,
And gaily the banners did fly,
And loud were the shouts of "They come!"
While expectancy danced in each eye.

Chorus—

They will not all come back again,
They cannot all come back again,
They'll leave behind some mother's son,
And he will ne'er come back again.

Firm, firm was the step of the boys,
Excitement shone bright in each eye,
Though they knew they were leaving home joys,
To meet death 'neath an unfriendly sky.

But 'twas duty that now gave the call,
And patriotism gilded the way;
What though a few soon must fall?
The Empire must still hold her sway.

'Twas the Queen who now needed their aid,
And freely their blood they would spill;
Though their bones in a land should be laid
Far from each native valley and hill.

WILL THEY ALL COME BACK AGAIN?

The going may seem glorious and grand,
But what will the home-coming be?
Tears for those who sleep cold in the Rand,
Tears for those who lie deep 'neath the sea.

But 'tis well that the heart should rejoice,
And respond to the call of the Queen;
And our country with pen and with voice
Will aye keep our heroes' graves green.

March 23rd, 1900.

TO SCOTLAND.

Read at the first meeting of Sons of Scotland in Fort
William, Camp "Glen-Eerie," June 18th, 1902.

WE are sons of the heather, frae mountain and glen
Wi' leal, loyal hearts, o' coorse that ye a' ken;
We hae met here the night to enjoy a guid sang,
Or maybe spin a yarn that will go wi' a bang.

Tho' the roarin' Atlantic lies 'tween us and hame,
Oor hearts aye are there, and wha us can blame
For lo'in' the land that is sacred tae a',
The land o' oor bairnhood wi' hills like a wa'.

The land where the heather smells sweet on the braes,
The land where the "Bluebells" nod low to the "Fays,"
The land where the "Thistle" is sacred in sang,
And lifts its prood heid a' the roadsides alang.

The land o' the Bruce and o' Wallace the brave,
The land which ne'er bowed to a tyrant or slave,
The land that produced oor ain bard, Robbie Burns,
The land where sleep heroes an' kings that a' mourns.

O Scotland, dear Scotland, thy sons far may roam,
But we'll aye dae ye prood, and ne'er cost ye a moan;
And when slippin' awa' tae be laid 'neath the sod,
We will breathe thy dear name that is next tae oor God.

LINES

Written for Camp "Glen-Erie" Sons of Scotland.

We are sons o' bonnie Scotland,
Frae ilk mountain, strath and glen,
We hae met here for tae honour
Names o' Scotland's honoured men.
Heroes, like the Bruce an' Wallace,
An' sweet bards like Robbie Burns,
We'll sing loud and lang their praises,
Till the auld spirit returns.

Men like Tannahill an' Tampson,
Men like Campbell, Wattie Scott,
Men like Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd,"
Theirs are names that ne'er can rot.
Men wha live in sang an' story,
Men wha live in warlike fame.
O ye noble land o' Scotland,
Proud am I, that you're my hame!

Let us a' join hands in freendship,
Wi' richt leal an' loyal hearts,
For we a' are brithers equal,
We will bow to nae upstarts.
Some they may hae langer purses,
A' weel filled wi' gowden gear,
An' dress up in best o' braid-claith
Ilka day throughout the year,

LINES WRITTEN FOR CAMP "GLEN-EERIE."

But it's true, we ken fu' brawly,
That the coat no makes the man;
'Tis leal hearts an' loyal spirits
That aye lead first in the van.
Hearts aye true tae name an' nation,
Spirits loyal past a' ken,
Such are a' true Sons o' Scotia,
Such are God's ain chosen men.

Bruce an' Wallace fought for freedom;
Burns despised a puffed-up loon;
Knox, the stern, he feared nae mortal;
Let us fol'ow in their shoon.
Let us aye be a' united,
In daeing guid let us nae weary,
Showing we're true Sons o' Scotland
In this loyal Camp "Glen-Eerie."

June 27th, 1902.

WE ARE GATHERIN' IN.

THE sons o' auld Scotland are gatherin' in,
'Neath the faulds o' the Tartan sae gay;
An' prood waves the flag o' auld Scotland's might,
While fu' cheery the pipers dae play.

But 'tis nae the cry o' the brave Lochiel,
Nor o' brave men aboot for tae dee,
That hae brocht the braw lads o' the "Fort" an' the
"Port"
For tae meet in sic gude harmony.

'Tis the smell o' the haggis, sae sonsy an' fat,
Wi' rich juice gushing oot frae ilk pore,
Pig's feet an' sheep's trotters weel boilt in a pat,
An' o' gude auld Glenlivet galore.

Then here's tae the land o' the Thistle an' Heather,
The land o' the Bruce an' o' Wallace the brave,
The land o' the Tartan, the land o' oor faethers,
The land that ne'er cringed tae a tyrant or slave.

An' here's tae oor lasses, sae gude an' sae bonnie,
Wi' cheeks like the blush on the openin' rose;
Wi' lips like the cherry, sae strongly invitin'
Oor young lads tae taste, an' then tae propose.

WE ARE GATHERIN' IN.

An' here's tae oor wives, sae douce an' sae couthie,
 No need they're deservin' a word frae me here;
They've stood by oor sides baith thro' sunshine an'
 storm,
An' sae may they dae yet for many a year.

Then aft may we hae just sic meetin's as this,
 Tae feast an' tae sing an' make oor lives cheery.
"May lealty an' loyalty rule in ilk breast,"
 Is the toast o' your brither, the Bard o' Glen-Eerie.

Fort William, Dec. 2nd, 1902.

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Tune—"The Broom o' the Cowden Knowes."

TWICE fifty, then add forty-four,
And that will give the years
Since Scotland's Heaven-appointed bard
First burst upon the spheres.

No lordly palace sheltered him,
No gentle zephyrs played
Around that lowly cottage bed,
Where the infant bard was laid.

Instead, the bitter, biting blast
Blew loud with many a moan,
Shook the mud walls and tore the thatch
Of that bless'd humble home.

The mother and unconscious babe
Were hurried without form
To some securer place of rest
Through that unkindly storm.

This was a foretaste of the life
The future held in hand
For him, who was to charm the hearts
Of thousands in the land.

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

He sang so sweet of Nature's works,
Of woman's form divine,
The very birds did listening sit
On every tree and vine.

The gowan on the steep braeside,
The mouse in stubble field,
Hypocrisy in all its forms,
Had to his muse to yield.

And when he struck a warlike theme,
With Bruce or Wallace name,
Then "Scot wha hae" came thundering forth,
With patriotic flame.

But Fortune seemed to frown on him,
False friends stole from his side,
Till wearied, and with broken heart,
He laid him down and died.

A nobler, brighter intellect
Ne'er sunk in early grave,
A truer and more tender heart
Ne'er breasted life's rough wave.

Too late the wheel of fortune turned,
Too late the applause so wild,
To cheer or mend the broken heart
Of Nature's noblest child.

A sweeter songster never tuned
The lute or lyre by turns
Than he who sang auld Scotia's praise—
The immortal Robbie Burns.

December 18th, 1902.

NEW ONTARIO.

WHILE poets sing of Eastern skies
And Eastern scenes so grand,
I'll trill a lay to Thunder Bay
And our fair Western land.

Chorus—

Then hurrah for New Ontario,
The Eden of the West!
Go north, go south, go anywhere,
You'll find this land the best.

We may not have historic piles,
With dungeons dark and strong;
No palaces or abbeys fair,
With which to gild a song.

But we've got hoary Mount McKay,
And Kakabeka Falls,
Where thundering waters rush and roar,—
It every mind appals.

We may not have the battlefields
That Scotland's annals tell,
Nor yet the lonely mountain glens,
Where heroes nobly fell.

But we have got the lonely grave
By mountain-side and stream,
Where dusky warriors fought and died
In a day that's now a dream.

NEW ONTARIO.

We may not have the classic shores
Of India, Greece, or Spain,
Nor the historic fields of France,
Where sleep the noble slain.

But we've the forest, dark and deep,
And virgin prairies wide,
An inland sea where sails a fleet
Of Canada the pride.

We've got the noble, class 'Kam,"
Up which Lord Wolseley sailed
To quell a rising in the West,
In which the red man failed.

We've got a country paved with gold,
Mountains of iron ore;
Silver and copper, too, are found,—
What could man ask for more?

We've got the land of golden grain
That yields a hundred fold,
A land to make the poor man rich,
Independent when he's old.

Our yeomen all are brave and strong,
Our maidens fair to see;
Our forest lands and prairie lands
Are to the settler free.

Then why should Britain's hardy sons
In poverty still toil,
When New Ontario welcomes them
To come and own her soil?

November 20th, 1902.

TO MOUNT McKAY.

THE Rocky Mountains have been praised
By thousands who there throng;
Their sublime grandeur has been sung
By those well versed in song;
So I will choose a homely theme,
Think of it what you may;
Then wake, my muse, and in a strain
Sing hoary Mount McKay.

Methinks this aged sentinel,
If only he could speak,
Could tell such tales as thrill the soul—
Such tales as writers seek.
He'd tell how Lake Superior
Once thundered 'gainst his side,
And left the well-known water-marks,
The antiquarian's pride.

He'd tell how inch by inch the waves
Did backward wend their way,
And formed the plain on which now stands
Fort William of to-day;
He'd tell how dusky warriors fought
And camped beneath his shade;
How dusky brave did woo and win
His own sweet dusky maid.

TO MOUNT McKAY.

He'd tell how first the white man came
A forest home to make,
And how the snorting iron horse
Soon followed in his wake.
He has seen the forest disappear
And noble mansions rise;
He sees tall chimneys belching forth
Their black breath to the skies.

He has seen the elevators rise,
Like mountains on the plain,
Wherein is stored the staff of life—
Manitoba's golden grain.
He has seen the Indian's rough dug-out
Change to a ship of war,
In which is sent the golden grain
To countries now afar.

He sees the lightning which oft played
And smote upon his brow,
Tamed down and harnessed to the cars,
And lighting mansions now.
He has seen the forest pass away
And fruitful fields arise,
And still he stands, calm and serene,
Braving the winter skies.

But now methinks I see a tear
And hear him sadly mourn
O'er lost primeval solitude,
Which never can return.
His sides are furrowed with the feet
Of pilgrims from afar;
His rugged, adamant head
Shows many a cut and scar.

TO MOUNT McKAY.

Still there he stands, as he has stood
For centuries long dead,
Since the All-wise, creating Hand
First bade him rear his head;
And there he'll stand till Gabriel's trump
His firm foundation shakes,
Till heaven and earth shall pass away,
He'll stand, Sentinel of the Lakes.

December 30th, 1902.

LOVE O' SCOTLAND.

I LIKE tae sing o' Scotland,
The land ayont the sea,
Land where first I saw the licht,
The land o' liberty.
The land o' noble heroes,
O' which Scotland had nae few,
The land o' Covenanters,
Wha tae their God were true.

The hame o' a' sweet singers,
Wha touch the heart in sang,
Wi' lines sae true and tender,
They make the heart gae bang.
The land where sleep my faithers,
Beneath the flowery sod,
Where bonnie bloom the snaw-drops,
Sweet monuments o' God.

The land o' the sweet primrose,
And cowslip in the dell,
Where grow the witches'-thimbles,
And where nods the dear Bluebell;
Where the ivy creeps owre ruins,
And the honeysuckle wild
Scents the woodlands and the hedgerows
Like an Eden undefiled.

LOVE O' SCOTLAND.

The bonnie rose and shamrock
Nae doot tae some are dear,
But gie me the royal thistle,
That's weel guarded wi' its spear;
And the bonnie, bonnie heather
That blooms upon the hills,
Scenting wi' its fragrance
The streamlets and the rills.

O Scotland, how I love thee,
Nae mortal tongue can tell!
Your name is graven on my heart
Deep as your deepest dell;
And may heaven forget tae pardon
When either me or mine
Forget tae love your honoured name
Or worship at your shrine.

January 31st, 1903.

THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS.

JINGLE, jingle, jingle,
How our blood doth tingle
 At the music of the bells!
Like shadows off we go,
Fast flitting o'er the snow,
Let the wind be high or low,
 To the music of the bells.

While loud the happy laugh,
When each snowy breath we quaff,
 To the music of the bells.
We snug up close together,
In this snowy, wintry weather,
And the robes we closer gather,
 To the music of the bells.

Like meteors we go sweeping,
While the winds are vigils keeping,
 To the music of the bells.
While many a love token,
And many a vow is spoken,
While our hearts go knock, knock, knockin',
 To the music of the bells.

THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS

How can young folks court, we wonder,
When they've got no pure snow under,
And no music of the bells?
With horses faster prancing,
And the snowflakes lightly dancing,
And sweet love's shafts are glancing,
To the music of the bells.

We fly and court together,
In our dear Canadian weather,
To the music of the bells.
Sweet is the joyous jingle
Of the sleigh-bells as they tingle,
And young voices as they mingle
With the music of the bells.

February 1st, 1903.

AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

THE warp and the woof of my life are near spun,
The sands in my hour-glass are now nearly run,
The shuttle is flying with no laggard stroke;
Soon the thread of my life will be used up and broke.

My last suit, the shroud, is now almost complete,
I can see it before me, so spotless and neat;
I can hear the bells tolling no distance away,
Telling my neighbours that I'm now naught but clay.

I can see the cold bed where I'll sleep my last sleep,
But I won't feel the cold, nor the worms that will creep
All around my poor body, in that dark abode,
For my soul will be safe with my Saviour and God.

Threescore years and ten is a very short span,
Compared to eternity in yon happy lan';
Then Saviour, dear Saviour, the gates open wide,
And give me a welcome to Thy home and Thy side.

I claim not this favour through what I have done,
I know I've been wayward Thy people among,
But with tears and repentance to the Cross I will cling
Where Jesus, Himself, proved to be Saviour and King.

February 3rd, 1903.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

SOME talk about our winters, in this far-away north-
land,
But they little ken the pleasures we hae at our command,
They say that we are frozen in for six months in the
year,
That like the bears and chipmunks we sleep till spring
appear.

'Tis true the weather's cauld eneuch, the frost is bitter
keen,
But we temper Jack Frost's icy breath wi' fires that
flash and gleam,
We've got miles and miles o' forests tae keep our hearth-
stones warm,
We defy the frost and sawdrifts, and we think them
but a charm.

We can sit beside our roaring stoves when hurricanes
dae blaw,
And laugh tae see the cyclones a-whirlin' o' the snaw,
We ken the storm will soon be past, the sun shine out
again,
And then we're off like Jehus, a-drivin' o'er the plain.

There's naethin' like a sleigh-ride tae wake our bluid
a' tingle,
It brings roses tae our lassies' cheeks, as the merry bells
dae jingle;
I wadna gie a sleigh-ride, wi' the weather ten below,
For a buggie-ride in simmer, when the nasty dust doth
blow.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

We hae our happy parties, by name they're ca'd "sur-
prise,"

We dash into some neebour's hoose, and mak' them op'
their eyes;

Then out come flutes and fiddles, and we form up for
a reel,

Wi' sic lauchin' and sic creechin', 'tis eneuch tae fricht
the De'il.

Wi' huskin' bees and ither parties the winters pass
alang,

And before we ever think of it the spring comes wi' a
bang,

Sae wi' Canadian seasons we're mair than weel content,
For we're aye enjoyin' frolics and on fun an' mischief
bent.

Sae we dinna need your pity, but your envy, sae don't
tease,

For this is God's own country, take it ony way ye please,
If it is the land o' snowstorms, sae it is the land o'
flowers,

Oh, there's no anither country like this Canada of ours.

February 9th, 1903.

WE PARTED IN ANGER.

We parted in anger,
But oh, the sad pain
That wrung my poor heart
And near burst it in twain.

One word would have soothed
All the troubles away,
But now we're estranged
Till the dread Judgment Day.

'Tis so sad that a word
Should be left unspoken,
When that word would have healed
Two hearts that are broken.

And whose is the blame
Will be only revealed
When the last trump doth sound,
And the Books are unsealed.

February 4th, 1903.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Tune—"Jack o' Haseldean."

As in a foreign land I rove,
My heart doth often turn
And climb again the Eildon Hills,
Or stray by Bowden Burn.

In fancy's flights I wander oft
By Tweed's pure crystal tide,
Where Melrose in her beauty sleeps
Just like some fairy bride.

In memory's looking-glass I see
Fair Dryburgh's sylvan bowers,
Where Scott, the Wizard, soundly sleeps.
Beneath the Abbey's towers.

Saint Boswell's sits like virgin maid
Where emerald banks are green,
very glimpse of Paradise
Where Tweed's bright waters gleam.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Sweet memory often wafts my soul
Back to that sacred shade
God's Acre, near to Bowden Burn,
Where all my friends are laid.

I often think I'd like to rest
In that sequestered dell,
When the stern fight of life is o'er,
Near those I loved so well.

But I'll not mourn if fate decrees
My bed on foreign strand;
In Canada I'll sleep as sound
As those in mother land.

February 17th, 1903.

LINES

To Miss Burnett and her Scottish Concert Company, who
sang in Fort William, February 17th and 18th, 1903.

'Tis sweet to hear our hameland sangs
Sung in our hameland tongue
By hameland lassies frae the hills
We climbed when we were young.

It makes our hearts grow young again,
Forgetful of a' care;
It makes our very een tae dance,
And tear-drops gather there.

Lang may Miss Burnett lilt and sing
"Ben Lomond's bonnie braes,"
And lang may Jennie Thomson's bow
Draw out her sweetest lays.

Lang may Miss Malcolm's fairy touch
Bring out each dearest sound;
Lang may this trio live tae sing
Dear Scotland's classic ground.

And when at last they have tae sleep,
As sleep some day they must,
May Scotland's thistle o'er them wave
And guard their honoured dust.

February 18th, 1903.

LINES

Of Welcome to Grand Chief Fraser of the Sons of Scotland.

COME, sons o' auld Scotia, let's join heart and hand.
Tae hail our Grand Chief from Toronto's fair land.
He's the head o' our Order in this fair domain,
Then shout out a welcome again and again.

Let him see we are loyal tae the land o' our birth,
The land o' auld Scotland, the dearest on earth;
Let him see we are faithful tae God and our cause;
Let this, his first visit, be crowned with applause.

Then shout out a chorus and make the heavens ring
With a true Scottish welcome, befitting a king.
As our king he is worthy a humble bard's lay,
Then success tae our Grand Chief and the Towns by
the Bay!

February 19th, 1903.

LOOKING FORWARD.

In the April of life, with its sweet buds and blossoms,
Unfrosted by care or the sun's wilting rays.
When the nectar of youth freely flows in our bosoms,
Untainted with pain or the world's cold ways

Life then seems an Eden, a rainbow of pleasures,
The chill of despair never enters our soul;
We sweep our green harps to the sweetest of measures.
Ah, how little we then know the end of the goal.

If each young life could see, when it launches its bark
On this shoreless and pathless dark rolling sea,
All the shoals and the breakers that lie in the dark
To wreck our frail boats where no harbours can be,

How few of us ever could have the great courage
To cast off our shorelines and steer for the deep;
Few, few of us ever could such a stern war wage,
A suicide's hand would first put us to sleep.

Then perhaps it is well that we can't see before us,
But boldly launch out under Hope's guiding hand,
And firmly trust to the fates that hang o'er us
To bring us in safety to the long-promised land.

February 22nd, 1903.

AN APPEAL TO THE MUSE.

SWEET maiden of the "merry nine,"
I've lang you woo'd for tae be mine;
You found me on my mother's knee;
Since then I've woo'd nae maid like thee.
But I've found you a fickle queen,
And often have I blear'd my een
Wi' greetin' for your coquetry,
You bonnie, smilin', witchin' fay!

You lead me on and make me think
That I stand on Parnassus' brink;
You whisper soft words in my ear,
As if I were your favoured dear.
In fancy oft the world I see
In homage lowly bend tae me,
And such respect tae me is sweet,
I've often felt 'maist like to greet.

For joy and sorrow live sae near,
A smile from either brings the tear,
And poets' hearts, when free from ire,
A single spark will set on fire.
For fifty years I've followed you,
O'er hill and dale the wide world through,
And oft I've sworn when I was mad,
Tae caper nae mair wi' the jad.

But you've got such a winning smile,
The verra De'il you would beguile,

AN APPEAL TO THE MUSE.

And when you kindly on me blink
My every vow at ance I sink,
And rattle off, by ellwand measure,
Some rhyming ware, just for your pleasure.

But hear me, O my bonnie lass,
I'm sairly troubled wi' an ass,
And though he bears the lion's name,
And roars and shakes his shaggy mane,
Of that monarch he has not one trait,—
The other beast is his true mate.

He thinks he is a poet born,
And lang and loud he blows his horn;
All other writers he'll dispraise,
And his own doggerel verses raise;
I have nae doubt, in his wild turns,
He thinks his verse surpasses Burns'.

Now, lassie, for your ain dear sake,
And a' that you have got at stake,
Give tae this man another lyre,
Weel primed wi' the celestial fire,
That when he doth the muse invoke,
Listeners will no their fingers poke
Into their ears, tae stop the soond
That gurgles out, like men half droon'd;
But help him sing, if sing he must,
A something that no grinds wi' rust.

Now, bonnie lass, if you'll dae this,
Your mystic robes my lips will kiss,
And be, as I have been before,
Your humble servant tae adore.

February 25th, 1903.

THE MYSTIC FORD.

At the close of the day we review the past hours,
And count o'er our losses and gains;
In the evening of life we review the past years,
And balance our joys and our pains.

It is true in some lives that the joys may be few,
Disappointments and care hold the sway,
And the black clouds of sorrow hang over the path,
Where faintly may struggle Hope's ray.

So faint are the beams from the star of our lives,
That the light never reaches our soul,
A darkness like death, and the mists from the grave,
Hide from us the end of the goal.

But a twinkling spark will sometimes burst to flame,
When we think that all hope is o'er,
And cheer us by whispering into our ears,
" 'Tis lighter a short way before."

Then let us take courage and plod boldly on,
Though discouraged and weary we be;
There is a sweet rest when we cross o'er the ford,
The ford that is named Mysterie.

March 1st, 1903.

THE SLEEPING GIANT.

WHERE the sun rises up o'er Superior's cold wave,
I oft turn mine eyes to that lone rocky grave
Where Nanibijou sleeps in his cloud-enthroned bed,
The God of the red man, when armies he led.

When the Kitchee Gamee* bore on his cold breast
The canoes of the red man from out the far West,
Who prayed unto Manitou to lead them aright,
And give them the victory o'er foes in the fight.

Yes, back to those days I in spirit oft turn,
And I see the wild flames bursting forth from the urn
Of this mighty giant, who doth now calmly sleep,
Nor wakes he at all to the roar of the deep.

For the fires are quenched which once burned so bright
And glittered and gleamed on the waves like moonlight;
No longer the Indian doth seek on the crest
"The elixir of life," in the lone eagle's nest.†

The thunders still boom o'er this famed "Thunder
Cape,"
The lightnings still flash in their fury and hate,
And the waves of Superior still beat 'gainst the side
Of this famed Sleeping Giant, now cold in his pride.

* "Kitchee Gamee," Indian name for Lake Superior.

† The Indians believed that there was an eagle's nest on the summit of Thunder Cape, and in this nest could be found a medicine for all human ills; in fact, if this medicine could only be got and used they would never die.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE CLOUD OF ADVERSITY.

But the eagle's departed, the red men are few;
No longer they call on the great Manitou;
And the giant still sleeps, with heaven's mists for his
vest,
Well guarding the gates from the East to the West.

March 5th, 1903.

LINES

Written under the Cloud of Adversity.

WHAT trials and sorrows we suffer while here,
When poverty pinches and sickness appear,
I've often been tempted to bring to an end
The life of the bard who these verses has penned.
Then Hope whispers softly into mine ear,
"Have faith in the future, some friend may be near;
And, if not, remember it is a great sin
To take away life the Creator has gi'en."

March 27th, 1903.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.4

25

28

31.5

36

40

45

50

56

63

2.8

3.2

3.6

4.0

4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.4

25

28

31.5

36

40

2.5

2.2

2.0

1.8

1.6

1.4

1.25

1.1

1.0

0.9

0.8

0.71

0.63

0.56

0.50

0.45

0.40

0.36

0.315

0.28

0.25

0.224

0.20

0.18



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

LINES.

To Alasdair Stewart Robertson, of Struan, Perthshire, Scotland,
Twentieth Chief of the Clan Donnachaidh, or Robertson
Clan, these lines are respectfully inscribed
by the Author.

Most honoured Chieftain of a noble line,
A humble bard dares to address in rhyme
A few short lines, to his illustrious chief,
And begs an audience, though it be but brief.
Although a stranger to your worthy self,
I'm yet a clansman, though of common delf,
And as a clansman I in duty pay
My due respects to Chief Dunnachaidh.

I feel right proud that in direct descent
The blood of Dukes and Lords is in me pent,—
E'en higher yet, though it should bring the smiles,
I kinship claim wi' "John, Lord of the Isles,"
And I must own it makes me rather croose
To think I got my name from King Robert Bruce.
No nobler name than Bruce in Scotch hearts burns,
Immortalized in song by Robert Burns.

My aim through life has been, and still will be
To hand untarnished to posterity
Our family name, the name of Robertson,
That helped to win, on Bannock's field, the crown,
And place it firm upon the head of him,
The Bruce, the noble, the loved Scottish king.
Being descendants of such a kingly race,
May it ne'er be ours such lineage to disgrace.

LINES TO ALASDAIR STEWART ROBERTSON.

Now, honoured Chief, although the days are past
For to assemble at the bugle's blast,
Or maybe follow swift the fiery cross
O'er hill and dale, honour to win or loss;
But should the day e'er come, as come it may,
When Struan leads his clan in wild array,
In Canada you'll find hearts true as yore,
Ready to follow you through fields of gore.

And in my humble bardship you will find
That clanship yet is sacred in my mind,
And though I have full threescore years seen,
I'll don the tartan of the hunting green
And follow Struan wheresoe'er he leads,
Striving to emulate the noble deeds
Of those, still sleeping on Culloden's field,
Who learned to die, but never learned to yield.

And now, O Chieftain of a noble clan,
Across the seas I offer you my han',
And pray that every grace and gift divine
May on thee rest, and also upon thine.
And should no warlike laurels fall to you,
You have, at least, the love of clansmen true;
And this I ask, e'en with your blood maintain
The safety of the "Clach na Brataich" stane.

March 21st, 1903.

MY MARY ON THE BANKS OF THE "KAM"

Tune—"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

ROLL on, thou old River, thou old classic "Kam,"
Befringed by the poplar and sweet-scented balm,
Roll on through the forest and bright, sunny fields,
My Mary dwells there, in thy sheltering fields.

The birds tune their harps in thy Eden-like bowers,
The bees drink the honey from out thy sweet flowers,
The wild deer and cariboo drink of thy tide,
The fox and the bear rear their young by thy side.

The duck builds her nest in thy green, rushy coves,
And the hare makes her bed 'midst thy sweet-scented
groves;

The owl makes her home in some old hollow tree;
They all sing the praises, dear Mary, of thee.

Then roll on, dear river, and murmur the strain,
The praise of my Mary, sweet be the refrain;
The praise of my Mary sounds sweetly to me,
And dearly I love every glance of her e'e.

Some may find their loves in yon town on the lawn,
But I have found mine on the banks of the "Kam,"
Where forest trees murmur, and birds sweetly sing,
The praises of Mary, my angel and queen.

Then roll on, dear river, and bear on thy breast
My songs of true love to my Mary's lone nest.
May Heaven deal with me as I deal with my queen,
The soul of my heart by the "Kam's" classic stream.

March 28th, 1903.

WILL YE NIFFER WI' ME ?

Tune—"Half-past Ten."

My sweet, bonnie lassie, will ye gang wi' me
Tae my lane fcrest hame, my wee wife tae be,
I've got horses and kye, and pigs in the pen,
And a snug log hoose, wi' a "but-and-a-ben."

Chorus—

Will ye niffer wi' me?
Will ye niffer wi' me?
My sweet, bonnie lassie,
Will ye niffer wi' me?

I've meal in the girnal and meat in the tub,
I've a cellar weel filled wi' a' things that's gude,
An' I'm no bare o' cash, my neebours a' ken,
And my farm is the best that lies in the glen.
Will ye niffer wi' me, etc.

I'm nae bad-lookin', tho' I say it mysel',
And if you'll say "Yes," I the auld folks will tell;
I no think that they look on me as a rake,
Then, lassie, think weel ere an answer ye make.
Will ye niffer wi' me, etc.

HER ANSWER.

DEAR laddie, an offer tae me you hae made;
I'll no act the coquette, tho' it has been said
That I was a flirt amang a' the young men,
That I had refused a' the lads o' the glen.

Chorus—

But I'll niffer wi' you,
But I'll niffer wi' you,
My dear, handsome laddie,
I will niffer wi' you.

And now I'll acknowledge I aye liked you best,
And that is the reason I refused a' the rest,
I'm proud for tae say that I lo'e ye right weel,
The heart that couldna must be harder than steel.

Sae I'll niffer wi you, etc.

You can speak tae my faither and mither tae,
As soon as you like; and now this I maun say,
You'll aye find me true, tae the end o' my life
I'll aye try tae make you a thrifty gudewife.

We'll niffer together,
We'll niffer together,
Twa fond, loving hearts,
We'll niffer together.

March 30th, 1903.

MY ANNIE.

Tune—"Farewell to Lochaber," or "My Heart's in
the Highlands."

THE sun's gaein' doon owre yon forest-clad hills,
Bright shimmer his rays upon rivers and rills,
Superior's cold waves dance gay 'neath the sheen,
As I stray by the banks o' the "Kam" for tae dream.

Chorus—

My Annie's enriching,
Her charms are sae rare,
Her een are bewitching,—
Oh, she's wondrous fair.

Tae dream o' my Annie, the pride o' the plain;
She's young and she's bonnie, her heart's a' my ain;
She's sweet as the dew that fa's licht on the rose,
She's pure as the lily where sunbeams repose.

My Annie's enriching, etc.

She's fresh as the morning kissed by the sun's beams,
And fair as the rosebuds that blow by the streams,
Her een are as blue as the Scottish bluebells,
Her lips are like cherries that grow in the dells.

My Annie's enriching, etc.

I canna help dreaming o' Annie sae fair,
As I stray by the "Kam" tae drink the pure air;
I canna help singing her praises in sang,
For Annie's the fairest the "Kam's" groves amang.

My Annie's enriching, etc.

April 2nd, 1903.

MAKING FARMS O' OUR AIN.

Tune—"When the Kye Come Hame."

COME, a' ye jolly farmers, who live by axe and plow,
Hearken to a farmer's sang, the sang I'm singing now;
We're the happiest lot o' mortals ony tongue can name
When clearing o' the forest, making farms o' our ain.

Chorus—

Making farms o' our ain,
Making farms o' our ain,
Clearing o' the forest,
Making farms o' our ain.

Every tree we chop down and every stump we clear
Adds value to our homestead and helps the heart to
cheer,
And while in bed a-sleeping, our crops apace do grow;
Happy is the farmer's life, his face with health doth
glow.

Making farms o' our ain, etc.

When the fall comes round each year, wi' a' our crops
secure,
Smiles that wreath our honest brows show a' our joys
are pure;
When wintry winds are blowing we sit by the stove's
bright flame,
Enjoying a' the pleasures o' a farm o' our ain.

Making farms o' our ain, etc.

MY NANNIE.

With wife and happy fam'ly a' care we can defy;
King nor Pope, upon their thrones, can better lives
enjoy;

The angels up in heaven may envy us our hame;
The happiest life on earth is a farm o' our ain.

Making farms o' our ain, etc.

April 3rd, 1903.

MY NANNIE.

Tune—"Wha Wadna Fecht for Charlie?"

LANG I've woo'd my bonnie Nannie,
Aft I've ask'd her tae be mine;
She, aye blushing, answered, "Laddie,
I've nae wish freedom tae tine."

Chorus—

Wha wadna lo'e my Nannie,
Wha wadna pree her mou?
Cheeks like the roses bonnie,
And a al'baster broo.

"Dinna think that I no lo'e ye,
For my heart is a' your ain,
But I canna leave the auld folks
In their days o' age and pain."

Wha wadna, etc.

MY NANNIE.

"They've been gude to me, my laddie,
They've been very kind tae me;
Should I leave them in their auld age,
Sune o' sorrow they wad dee."

Wha wadna, etc.

"Nannie, dear, ye needna leave them;
I tae them a son will be;
For your sake I'll kindly tend them,
Feed and clead them till they dee."

Wha wadna, etc.

Sae Nannie promised tae be mine
At nae distant future day;
Now I'm happy, sae is Nannie,
Living in hope's brichtest ray.

Wha wadna, etc.

April 3rd, 1903.

CANADA, MY HOME.

Tune—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

Of Canada, my home, I'll sing,
The fairest land beneath the sun;
Thy woods and forests sweetly ring
With praises by the feathered throng.
And I, a humble bard, will try
To sing thy praises in a strain
That Echo's answer will reply,
In softened accents the refrain.

Dear Canada, I love thy name,—
It seems to whisper peace and rest;
I love thy every hill and plain
That Heaven has made and God has bless'd.
Thy forests deep are dear to me,
Thy rivers, lakes and sparkling streams;
Thy smiling plains remember me
Of Revelation's sweetest dreams.

Within thy arms I found a rest
That other lands to me denied,
And though with riches I'm not bless'd,
Yet with content I'm satisfied.
One boon I crave, and only one,
'Tis all I ask from Nature's God:
When my short span of life is run,
That I may sleep beneath thy sod.

April 4th, 1903.

MY JESSIE.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

GLEN-ERIE's dells are bonnie,
Where sweet wild roses blow;
'Twas here I met my Jessie,
Wand'ring amidst the dew.
Wandering amidst the dew.
While danced her sloe-black e'e.
'Mang a' maidens fair and bonnie,
Young Jessie's first tae me.

Her form is like the willow,
Sae graceful in each turn,
Her voice is like sweet music
In angels' hearts that burn,
In angels' hearts that burn
And I love her true and dear;
'Mang a' the fairest flowers that bloom,
My Jessie is the peer.

Her cheeks are like the roses,
Kissed by the morning dew;
Her lips are like the cherries,
Sae tempting tae the view.
Sae tempting tae the view,
And her dark, rolling e'e
Played sad havoc wi' my poor heart,—
If she says "No," I'll dee.

April 4th, 1903.

COME, A' YE SONS O' SCOTLAND.

COME, a' ye sons o' Scotland,
That now are far frae hame,
Far frae the bonnie heather hills
And hawthorn-scented lane,
You miss the bonnie whinbush here,
Likewise the yellow broom,
The primrose and the cowslip,
Wi' their bright golden crown.

You miss the lintie's bonnie sang,
On ilka tree and bush;
You miss the cushat's croodle-do,
In the sweet gloamin's hush.
You miss the quiet gloamings,
The twilight's witching hour,
When you met wi' your Jeanie
In some ivy-clad bower.

You miss the friends o' early youth,
Wha aye were true and leal,
And your heart grows dowie and weary,—
I ken just how you feel.
But dinna let homesickness
Wi' sorrow fill your breast;
Just think o' a' the joys you'll find
In this, the "Golden West."

ANNIE IS THERE.

Here you'll find friends, may be, as true
As those you left behind;
Here you may find some lassie fair,
As gentle and as kind.
Here you can find some bonnie glade
Which you can ca' your ain;
The like you never could have had
In Scotland, your native hame.

April 6th, 1903.

ANNIE IS THERE.

Tune—"Robin Adair."

WHAT's this vain warld to me?
Annie is gane.
Pleasures that used to be
Sweet, are now tame.
Sorrow now fills my heart,
Fain wad I soon depart
Far frae this warld's mart,
Since Annie's gane.

Annie made heaven here,
But she is gane.
Life looks sae dark and drear,
Love seems sae vain.
Day has been turned to night,
Clouds darken the sun's light,
And what ance look'd sae bright,
A' is now pain.

ANNIE IS THERE.

Soon I will say farewell
To a' friends here;
Soon I in heaven will dwell,
Yon happy sphere;
There I will Annie meet,
There I'll my true love greet,
Down at our Saviour's feet,
Annie sae dear.

Heav'n a brighter hame will be,
With Annie there;
At the gates she'll welcome me,
Annie sae fair.
How I long to mount and fly,
To that home beyond the sky;
Dying will not cause a sigh,—
Annie is there.

April 8th, 1903.

MY BEAU IS BUT A LADDIE YET.

Tune—"My Love She's but a Lassie Yet."

MY beau he's but a laddie yet,
A bonnie, smooth-faced laddie yet;
 I aye think shame
 When he gangs hame
Wi' me, for he's a caddie yet.

His whiskers are soun' sleepin' yet,
His mustache isna peepin' yet,
 But soon they may,
 And when they dae,
I'll prood be o' my laddie yet.

Tho' young, I like my laddie yet,
Nae doot he's a wee backward yet,
 But when alane,
 In some quiet lane,
He cuddles me, tho' awkward yet.

But he'll improve wi' practice yet,
Though he's a wee thing fractious yet;
 I like him weel,
 But oh, I feel
His youth and inexperience yet.

But on the quiet I'll woo him yet,
And I will meet him slyly yet;
 My heart gaes throb
 When I dae bob
Into his arms that hug me yet.

SCOTLAND'S BLUEBELLS.

I'm wae that he's sae wantin' yet,
That we micht gang gallantin' yet;
But time will pass,
Sae I'll nae fash
My head about his youngness yet.

April 11th, 1903.

SCOTLAND'S BLUEBELLS.

Tune—"Scotland's Bluebells."

THE Bluebells o' Scotland, their bonnie heads sway
To each gentle zephyr that breathes on the brae;
'Tis said that the fairies dance gay in the dells
To the sweet, merry music o' Scotland's bluebells.

The mavis and lintie aye hush their sweet sang
When passing the groves where the bluebells belang,
And when tuning their lutes, in some mossy dell,
They aye take the keynote from the bonnie bluebell.

The heather is sweet as it blooms on the hills,
The primrose is bonnie as it blows by the rills,
And dear is the cowslip as it scents the green dells,
But the sweetest and grandest are Scotland's bluebells.

The rose in our gardens is bonnie and braw,
And fair are the snawdrops that bloom 'mongst the snaw,
And sweet is the lily that grows on the fells,
But the bonniest flow'rs are auld Scotland's bluebells.

April 15th, 1903.

SCOTLAND'S HEATHERY HILLS.

Tune—"My Wife has Ta'en the Gee."

THE heathery hills o' Scotland
Will aye be dear tae me;
'Twas there I first did see God's light
And Heaven's sweet libertie.
I adore each hill and valley,
Where Covenanters trod,
For our grand religious freedom
Was purchased with their blood.

The heathery hills o' Scotland
I'll ever love to sing,
For 'twas there that Bruce and Wallace
Did Scotland's freedom bring.
Upon the field of Bannockburn
Her rights Scotland did gain,
And shattered Edward's mighty hosts
And slavery's galling chain.

The heathery hills o' Scotland
I will for aye revere,
For in their sweet sequestered dells
Sleep friends that once were dear.
And though my home in Canada
My soul with pleasure fills,
Yet dear to me are Scotland's braes
And Scotland's heathery hills.

April 16th, 1903.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

MAY Scotland for ever
Be each Scotchman's toast,
May Scotland for ever
Be each Scotchman's boast.
Far may ye roam, but you'll never foregather
With a country sae fair as the land o' the heather.

The bonnie Scotch lassies
Let each Scotchman sing,
The bonnie Scotch lassies
Let each Scotchman ring;
For bonnier lassies ye never will see
Than our ain hameland lassies o' Scotland the free.

The sweet sangs o' Scotland
Let each Scotchman lilt,
The auld sangs o' Scotland
Let nae lassie jilt.
For they are the sweetest, nane can them come near;
Aye stick tae the auld sangs, for they have nae peer.

And tho' you may wander
The world around,
Stick tae your mither tongue,
For dear is the sound
O' the auld Scottish tongue when we're far frae hame,
And o' your mither tongue ye need never think shame.

Now this is the meaning
O' my little sang:
Stick tae a' thing that's Scotch,
Be it right or wrang.
There's nae land like Scotland, there's nae land sae free,
O' dear Scotland I'll sing till the day that I dee.

April 17th, 1903.

AN ODE TO SONG.

O SONG, sweet Song, the gift of Heaven,
The grandest gift to man e'er given,
You soothe or heal the broken heart,
Make smiles to come or tears to start.
When far the weary wanderers roam,
They cheer their hearts with "Home, Sweet Home."
The soldier on the battlefield
Oft sings "A Cameron ne'er can yield."
The sailor on the raging sea
Sings loud of "Jeanie's sloe-black e'e."
The pilgrim, as he nears yon strand,
Sings falteringly "Immanuel's land."
The baby in his crib serene
Is lulled to sleep with "Baby's dream."
The farmer, trudging at the plow,
Forgets his care and sings "Neil Gow."
The mother, fagged with household care,
Aye brightens at "Oh to be there!"
The lover, sighing with love's pains,
Is cheered with "Annie Laurie's" strains.
The merchant, fu' o' cares in toon,
Dispels his cares with "Bonnie Doon."
The miner, working in the mine,
Cheers the dark hours with "Auld lang syne."
Thus do you cheer the world's throng,
Thou heavenly gift, the power of song.

April 18th, 1903.

YON BONNIE DELLS.

Tune—"Yon Bonnie Dells."

Yon bonnie dells
And yon bonnie fells,
Where the "Kam" runs bright and clearly,
'Twas there that Jean,
Wi' her bonnie een,
Bewitched my young heart richt fairly.

Her pawky glance
Made my heart aye dance,
And oh, but it did beat sairly!
And when she smiled
It near drove me wild,
For I loved my Jean most sincerely.

I never could
Muster courage good
The question to pop richt fairly;
I only sighed
Whenever I tried
For to tell her my love squarely.

But soon there came
A lad wi' a name
That showed he was foreign, clearly.
He stole my Jean,
Wi' the witching een,
And now I mourn her fu' tearly.

April 18th, 1903.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' LEADER.*

OH, the bonnie braes of dear Leader's sweet stream,
Where the broom and the whin bloom early,
It was there that I met my ain lovin' Jean,
An' 'twas there she won my heart fairly.

And fu' aften we met by yon bonnie braes,
Where the dear, dear stream runs sae clearly;
We pledg'd there our vows 'neath the sweet bloomin'
slaes,
While the robin and thrush sang dearly.

I lived in her smile, and her bonnie black e'e,
We were happy as ring-doves fairly;
But death stepped between and took Jeanie frae me,
And now my heart mourns her right sairly.

I still live in those days, on dear Leader's braes,
And I love for tae sing o'er the story;
I'm waitin' the time when, frae a' earthly wacs,
I'll be wafted to Jeanie in glory.

April 22nd, 1903.

* "Leader," a beautiful stream in Berwickshire, Scotland, on the banks of which the Author was born and spent his boyhood days.

DREAMIN' O' SCOTLAND.

Tune—"Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland."

In my dreams I often wander
Back tae Scotland's bonnie hills,
When I by the "Kam's" banks ponder,
Scotland aye my bosom fills.

Chorus—

Aye o' Scotland, bonnie Scotland,
Aye o' Scotland dae I dream,
Her mossy dells and bonnie fells,
And ilk bonnie sparklin' stream.

Oh, tae see the bonnie heather,
Bloomin' on her rugged braes,
And her deep glens, there tae gather,
As of yore, the purple slaes.

And ance mair tae see the primrose
Bloomin' on her rollin' fells,
Oh, ance mair tae see the cowslip,
And the bonnie, dear bluebells.

And oh, it would be heav'n tae me
Tae hear my dear mither tongue,
And a' the auld places tae see,
Where I strayed when I was young.

DREAMIN' O' SCOTLAND.

Tae climb again the steep braeside,
Where the witches'-thimbles grew,
Or stray along by Tweed's fair tide,
When the sky abune is blue.

But 'tis a dream, a sweet, sweet dream,
I'll ne'er press thy soil again;
And often tears start frae my een,
For auld Scotland owre the main.

April 22nd, 1903.

GLEN-EERIE'S BARD.

WHERE Glen-Eerie braes smile back to the sun
As he bursts forth in glory, Heav'n's message to run,
Where the "Kam" sweeps past each Eden-like shade,
And the birds warble sweetly in every green glade,

'Tis there, by the side of yonder clear stream,
In a little log cabin, alone there doth dream
Glen-Eerie's sweet bard, tho' hoary with age,
Yet how sweetly he trills out the songs of life's page.

Though threescore summers and winters he's seen,
He's still straight as the poplar that grows by the
stream;
His eye glances bright with the sweet gift of song,
As he weaves his dear lays by the "Kam's" side along.

Long may he sing his heaven-inspired lays,
And long may the crown of the laurel and bays
Encircle his brow and bright sunny soul;
May he tune heav'n's own lute at the end of life's goal.

April 29th, 1903.

**TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL HECTOR
McDONALD,**

Who committed suicide in Paris, France, April, 1903.

Now "Bonnie Scotland" mourns her son:
Hector McDonald's dead.
He died not on the field of fame,
By foeman's glittering blade.

He had faced death 'neath many skies,
In trench and open plain;
The boom of cannon was to him
As music's sweetest strain.

The zip of ball, or flash of steel,
But nerved him for the fray.
He sleeps at last 'neath Scotland's sod,—
Her hero's passed away.

Grim death he'd calmly smiled upon,
And never flinched a pace;
He'd smiled e'en at the cannon's mouth,
But he could not face disgrace.

But when the roll in heaven is called,
And every deed made plain,
Proud Scotland's hero there will stand,
Without blemish or stain.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL HECTOR McDONALD.

His name will live on history's page,
His foes' will be forgot;
His fame emblazons Scotland's roll,
And ne'er will mould or rot.

April 30th, 1903.

SCOTLAND'S AULD SANGS.

THE auld Scotch sangs will be aye dear tae me,
For my mither aye crooned them wi' me on her knee;
And I'll ne'er forget the look on her face
When she sang "Annie Laurie," it shone o'er wi' grace.

The sweet auld sangs will aye bring oot a tear
Frae the e'e o' the list'ner, for they aye appear
Tae touch the auld heart when naethin' else will,
They're aye sae sweet and tender, the soul they aye
thrill.

The auld comic sangs will aye bring the smile
Tae the face o' the auldest, and help tae beguile
A' oor troubles and cares on life's weary road;
They aye lichten the auld heart o' mony a load.

Then sing me an auld sang in the auld tongue,
I want to forget ance mair but that I am young;
If I should greet a-wee, keep croonin' alang,
And sing tae the finish the sweet auld Scottish sang.

April 30th, 1903.

THE SANGS O' BONNIE SCOTLAND.

OH, the sangs o' bonnie Scotland
Are sweeter than the rose;
When lilted by a Scottish lass
There's nane can them oppose.
When lilted by a Scottish lass,
In oor plain hameland tongue,
They make the auld tae greet for joy,
And nidget fain the young.

Oh, the sangs o' bonnie Scotland
Can melt the heart tae tears,
Or, if sung in a warlike strain,
Then banished gae your fears.
It's hip-hurrah, we're off, my boys,
Tae bravely do or dee
For bonnie, bonnie Scotland,
Where the thistle blooms sae free.

Oh, the sangs o' bonnie Scotland
When sung tae love's sweet tune,
E'en sets auld hearts a-thumpin'
And timmer voices croon.
There's naethin' like the gude auld sangs
Tae stir a Scotchman through;
There's nae sangs like the auld Scotch sangs,
They're aye sae sweet and true.

April 30th, 1903.

LINES

Written upon reading some disparaging lines upon
Scotland by "Critic."

HE who wrote those silly lines
Was neither poet, priest nor king;
To no nation 'neath the heavens
Would he respect or honour bring.

Swilling beer in some low "dive,"
He might raise a loud guffaw;
But 'mongst men who love their country
He'd be made but a footba'.

Walter Scott, who wrote the lines,
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"
Would have found him in the "Critic,"
And, ashamed, would bowed his head.

May 4th, 1903.

MY MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Afton Water."

BONNIE blink the sunbeams on Port Arthur's brae,
Bonnie lies the town on yon slope 'y the Bay,
Bonnie is the hill crowned with birches sae green,
And sweet sing the birds there at morning and e'en.

And soft is the swish of the waves on the shore,
They lull me to sleep when the day's toil is o'er;
And bright are the moonbeams that glitter and shine
Amang the green bushes and dark groves o' pine.

'Twas there oft we wandered, my Mary and I,
When heav'n's spots o' glory shone bright in the sky;
'Twas there, in the shade of yon green birchen bower,
We pledged our first loves in the eve's witchin' hour.

All life then seemed fair as the hue of the rose,
But 'tis God who fulfils, tho' man may propose,
For death claimed my Mary and made her his bride,
And left me to wander alone by the tide.

I wait now and pray for the day soon to come,
When I shall join Mary in yonder fair home;
My heart is now there with the queen of my soul;
To her I'll prove true to the end of life's goal.

Fair are the maids by Superior's clear tide,
And sweetly they smile as they walk by my side,
But to love o'er again to me is not giv'n,—
My heart is with Mary, my Mary in Heav'n.

May 5th, 1903.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

'Tis pleasant in the country,
When forest trees are green,
And flowers are bloomin' bonnie
By each meand'ring stream,
Where the graceful drooping fern
Swayed by each zephyr's breath,
Like feathers from angel's wing
That's floated down to earth.

Who would not love the country?
A Paradise of bliss,
True emblem of that Eden,
And sweet as love's first kiss.
Angels roam thro' the forests,
Tho' seen only by few.
He who can't love the country
Drinks not Heav'n's sweetest dew.

'Tis pleasant in the country,
When heav'n's own minstrels sing
Their songs of God-taught melody,
Soft as the gurgling spring;
When the gentle summer showers
Fall soft as angels' tears
Wept o'er some wayward wand'rer,
As far from heaven he steers.

May 12th, 1903.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Tune—"Logan Water."

COME, tell me the old, old story,
The story that Adam told Eve,
When wandering 'mongst Eden's glory,
Ere the Serpent came to deceive.

Each heart throbs with joy and gladness,
When list'ning to words soft and low;
The world is void of sadness
When Cupid doth handle his bow.

Then tell me the old, new story,
I'm waiting and list'ning to hear;
Angels will smile up in glory
To hear the sweet story so dear.

It has been told now for ages,
Yet it seems to be ever new;
It shines like gems on life's pages,
This story I'm waiting from you.

'Tis the anchor of men on ocean,
The life-line of men on the shore;
'Tis sought with the deepest devotion.
Come, tell me the story once more.

May 12th, 1903.

SAILING DOWN THE RIVER.

Tune—"Craigieburn Wood."

I AM sailing down the river,
Down the river of old Time;
I am nearing now the landing
Where I take the other line.
My life's voyage has been stormy,
I'm a battered hulk, you see,
But I change there at the landing,
And ship for Eternitie.

Return tickets are not issued,
'Tis a single passage through,
And I guess there is no halting
This strange country for to view.
There is only the one station,
And 'tis on the other shore
Of the dark and rolling Jordan,
Whose deep waters rush and roar.

Millions have passed there before me,
But they ne'er returned again
To tell me their experience
And to make my sailing plain.
I must trust all to the Pilot,
For to land me safely there,
To unlock the gate that's golden,
Of Jerusalem the fair.

SAILING DOWN THE RIVER.

What I'll see when I am landed,
It is past all mortal ken;
'Tis the mystery of all mysteries,
Heaven ne'er revealed to men.
Faith's the password that is given,
Repentance opens the door,
Love reigns for ever up yonder,
A Triune God all adore.

May 12th, 1903.

LONGING FOR REST.

Tune—"Bonnie Doon."

WHEN weary with age and with toil,
When weary with pain and with care,
My soul fain would fly far away,
From this to that "some elsewhere."

There surely must be a sweet rest,
Somewhere in God's own countless spheres.
Where the toilworn and the oppress'd
Will be free from sorrow and tears.

How gladly I'll welcome that rest,
How gladly my weary eyes close,
How gladly I'll welcome the hour
That brings me this restful repose.

Oh, 'twill be sweet to rest in peace,
To lie in dreamless slumber still;
E'en now I'd welcome that bless'd hour
When I the "narrow bed" shall fill.

May 27th, 1903.

WHEN THE EVENING SHADOWS FALL.

WHEN the evening shadows fall,
And the birds have ceased to sing,
When every little songster
Has his head tuck'd 'neath his wing.
When the calm hush of evening
Settles over hill and plain,
Loved ones are watching for us,
And welcome us home again.

They tell us how they missed us,
Through the sunny hours of day;
They tell us all the sorrows
And the joys that came their way.
Each soul pours forth its fullness,
And each heart to heart expands;
Oh, dear are those reunions
When sunset each day's toil ends.

It is sweet to know we're missed,
And longingly watched to come;
To know a smile and welcome
Awaits us at our loved home.
So thus may end life's evening,
May dear friends who've gone before
Be found waiting and a-watching
For us on the heavenly shore.

May 29th, 1903.

LET THE BONNIE SUNSHINE IN.*

OH, dinna pu' the blinds doon,
But rather raise them higher,
And let the bonnie sunshine
Warm me wi' heaven's own fire.

There's life in ilka sunbeam,
There's strength in every ray;
'Tis better than doctor's pills,
Then let him shine away.

He hasna lang tae shine for me,
My days are running fast,
Then let him bless me wi' his smile
Ere my few days gae past.

Soon I'll lie beneath the sods,
'Where sunbeams canna play;
Then let him shine on me now,—
Dear is ilk bonnie ray.

June 5th, 1903.

* Burns, when in his last days, with the hand of death upon him, paid a visit to a lady friend. Upon his entering the room of this friend she arose to pull down the window shades, thinking the sun might be annoying to Burns, when he said, "Dinna pu' the blinds doon; I enjoy the sunshine, and he hasna lang tae shine for me now."

COME, LET US AWAY.

COME, let us away from the home of strife,
The grinding of business that wears out the life;
Let us flee to the woodlands, the lake and the stream,
Where sport the sweet beauties in waters that gleam.

Let us bid a farewell to all care for awhile,
And in the green woodlands enjoy nature's smile;
Let us drink the elixirs of life that there flow,
Through nature's own gardens where cool zephyrs blow.

Come, throw down the pencil, the pen and the book,
And take up the basket, the rod, line and hook,
And for a long day bid business farewell,
And flee to the cool shades, the stream and the dell.

Let us quaff for awhile in the forest's cool bowers.
New life 'mongst the bushes and heaven's blushing
flowers;
And while thus enjoying bright nature abroad,
Let our hearts look from nature to fair nature's God.

June 7th, 1903.

TO A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

It is only a sprig of heather,
Faded and crushed and dry,
But oh, how many dear memories
It tells of days gone by!

I gathered it many years ago,
When life was young and fair,
Long, long ere my heart was touched with grief,
Long ere my soul knew care.

It grew on the slopes of the Eildon Hills,
O'erlooking Tweed's pure stream
Where fairies fair, and a fairy touch,
Made this life a fairy dream.

Sweet are the memories it recalls,
Sweet as the breath of Spring;
Sacred are they in my inmost soul,
Too sacred e'en to sing.

When death claims this frail body of mine,
When I am laid to rest,
This sprig of heather from Eildon Hills,
Lay it softly on my breast.

June 24th, 1903.

THE BONNIE WEE ISLAND.

THERE'S a bonnie wee island lies oot in the bay
Where the bricht little wavelets dae laugh, dance and
play,
And this island is fu' o' dear crannies and nooks,
Where the elves and the fairies dance gay with the
spooks.
'Tis a dear little island, a sweet little island,
A cunning wee island is this in the bay.

The lads and the lasses frae ilk ane o' the toons
Come oot here for pleasure when Nature has nae froons,
And happy are the hoors that are spent on the isle
When the sweet strains o' music a' life's cares beguile.

Auld Time appears tae flee on the wings o' the wind,
When ance you leave the smoke and the dust far behind;
And when you touch the strand o' this sweet fairy shore
Your heart fairly bounds at the scenes that lie before.

The ferns and the mosses invite you tae a seat,
And cool are the zephyrs in each rocky retreat;
Refreshing are the shades 'neath the bushes sae green;
Oh, 'tis sweet to lie there, 'neath the moon's silvery
sheen.

There's nae a bonnier spot in this land sae fair,
I ne'er saw its equal, there's nane wi't can compare;
And if you would enjoy it, and bask in Nature's smile,
Just get on board the "Mazeppa," and steer for Wel-
come Isle.

July 6th, 1903.

RETROSPECTION.

WHEN life's page is nearly written,
And life's race is almost run,
My thoughts aye keep turning backwards
To scenes where life first begun;
And I see, as in some mirror,
All the scenes of childhood's days,
When this world seemed so endless,
And so fair were all its ways.

I oft see the lowly cottage,
Embowered amongst bushes green,
And I hear the gurgling music
Of the soft meandering stream;
I can see the hills and braesides
Where my infant steps did stray,
Weaving garlands of the flowerets
That bedecked my childhood's way.

I can see the little schoolhouse,
And my schoolmates gathered there;
I can hear the shouts of merriment,
From young hearts all free from care;
I can see the glens and woodlands,
And sweet hawthorn-scented glades;
I can hear the linties singing
In those dear, sweet sylvan shades

RETROSPECTION.

'Tis sad at the close of evening,
At the sunset of life's day,
For to have those backward glances,
As our twilight steals away,
And weigh the sad realities
Of our every youthful dream,
Of what we really built upon,
And of what really has been.

July 17th, 1903.

THE THISTLE.

THE heather is bonnie that blooms on the hills,
And sweet are the cowslips that blow by the rills;
The primrose and daisy and bonnie bluebells
Are bonnie and fair in their ain native dells;
But there is anither flower, sturdy and braw,
And that is the thistle, the king o' them a'.

Then here's tae the thistle, the emblem sae dear,
O' bonnie auld Scotland, it hasna a peer;
And lang may it bloom on ilk brae and hillside,
The emblem o' freedom, o' Scotland the pride.

Old England may boast o' its roses that bloom
And spread their sweet fragrance that country aroun',
Owld Ireland may sing o' the shamrock sae rare,
That grows in its green vales sae bonnie and fair;
But there is anither flower, sturdy and braw,
And that is the thistle, the king o' them a'.

The mayflower blooms bonnie by Canada's streams,
And its breath is as sweet as fair angels' dreams;
And frae the maple-leaf's gold-tinted spray
That decks the wide forests of fair Canada;
But there is anither flower, sturdy and braw,
And that is the thistle, the king o' them a'.

July 30th, 1903.

THE HEATHER.

THE bonnie, bonnie heather
That blooms on Scotland's hills
Is dear tae every Scotchman,
The sight his bosom thrills;
And though it's no the emblem
O' bonnie Scotland's isle,
Weel it's lo'ed by Scotland's son
When he's a lone exile.

Then lang may it bloom
In its beauty and pride,
And shed its perfume
On ilk bonnie hillside.

I've heard the voice tae quiver,
And seen the teardraps fa',
When singing o' the heather,
And hills that's far awa',
I've seen it pressed wi' fervour,
Kissed o'er and o'er again,
A wee bit sprig o' heather
That came frae o'er the main.

Then lang may it bloom, etc.

It minds us o' our bairnhood,
And happy bairnhood days;
It minds us o' auld Scotland,
And Scotland's bonnie braes.

THE HEATHER.

O' many freends it minds us,
That noo are dead and gane,
And sleeping in God's-acre,
While we are left alane.

Then lang may it bloom, etc.

A little sprig o' heather,
Culled frae some Scottish hill,
Will the heart's fountains open,
And tears the een will fill;
It calls back many sorrows,
It calls back many joys,—
Oh, dear, dear is the heather
Tae Scotland's maids and boys.

Then lang may it bloom, etc.

August 2nd, 1903.

THE BROOM.

THE broom that grows on Scotland's braes,
With its rich golden glow,
Is dearer than the sweetest rose
That ever yet did blow.

Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,
The broom with its tassels of gold,
Is the dearest shrub to me
In that land beyond the sea,
Where it grows on the hillsides bold.

It was among the bonnie broom
I met my lassie fair;
The lintie sang its sweetest strains
When we did wander there.

'Twas there, in pensive twilight's hour,
She pledged herself to me,
Sweet sang the lintie in its bower,
And mavis on the tree.

Twice twenty years have come and gone
Since that bless'd, happy day;
That's why I love the bonnie broom,
And each bright golden spray.

August 3rd, 1903.

THE HILLS O' BONNIE SCOTLAND.

THE bonnie hills o' Scotland
Will aye be dear tae me,
'Twas there in youth I wandered,
Frae care and sorrow free;
I drank frae springs o' freedom,
That God Himself distils,
Amang the purple heather
On bonnie Scotland's hills.

Weel dae I lo'e auld Scotland,
The cradle o' the brave,
The birthplace o' the hero
And noble martyr's grave.

The deep green glens o' Scotland,
Where blooms the sweet bluebell,
Are revered by every Scotchman,
For there her heroes fell,
And died for their religion,
Their country and their God,
They rest there in deep slumber,
Beneath the sacred sod.

The bonnie lochs of Scotland,
Her haughs and fells and braes,
Have drunk deep o' the life-blood
Frae her sons in ither days.
The noble Bruce and Wallace
Their lives for Scotland gave,
'Mang a' the sons o' Scotland,
They're chief amang the brave.

THE HILLS O' BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Lang may the sons o' Scotland
Her praises loudly ring;
Lang may her bards and sangsters
Her beauties sweetly sing.
There's no anither nation,
In a' God's fair domain,
Can vie wi' bonnie Scotland,
My country and my hame.

August 6th, 1903.

KAKABEKA FALLS.*

"The maddened waters rush and roar
Like angry seas on a rocky shore."

PUNY I felt as I stood on the dizzy heights,
Watching the "Kam" in his maniac glee,
Growling and hissing, roaring and dashing,
Like the storm sprite of an angry sea.

Swift as the thunderbolt cleaving the heavens,
On rush the mad waters downward to Hell;
In that deep caldron, foaming and boiling,
Surely the spirits of demons must dwell.

The roar of the waters, like Jove's mighty thunders,
Echoes afar 'mang the green forest glades;
The mist that enshrouds the face of the tempest
Oft glistens and shines with the rainbow's bright
shades.

Here is the heart taught to reverence Dame Nature,
Here is the mind awed by that which appals,
Here must the soul rise up to the Creator,
When standing beside Kakabeka's wild falls.

August 7th, 1903.

* The Kaministiquia River plunges from the height of one hundred and ten feet at the Kakabeka Falls.

MY AIN NATIVE HAME.

THE ocean lies deep atween me and hame,
The land that I loe lies far owre the main,
The freen's o' my youth I'll never see more,
I'm lonely and sad on this foreign shore.

My ain native hame,
How I long there tae be,
And rest in its bosom,—
Dear isle o' the free!

This country is fair and bonnie and braw,
But no like my hame, my hame far awa',
There's nae heather here, wi' its bonnie bloom,
There's nae bonnie gowans, nae whin bush or broom.

Nae linties here sing and lilt their sweet lays,
Nae bonnie foxgloves bedeck the steep braes,
Nae yellow primrose here scents the green dells,
And sair, sair I miss the bonnie bluebells.

The ways o' folks here are a' strange tae me,
I sigh for my hame, dear hame owre the sea;
The freen's I've made here, they are nae the same
As freen's o' my youth, and Scotland my hame.

August 9th, 1903.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

SORE, sore are my eyes now with weeping,
My heart is near bursting with care,
My soul now in sorrow is steeping,
As I look on that dear vacant chair.

I'm lonely and sad now without her,
For thirty-five years she sat there,
But Death came and from me he took her,
And he left me that lone, vacant chair.

In fancy I turn to life's morning,
When six little cherubs knelt there;
Youth and love then her brow were adorning;
Now I sigh o'er that lone, vacant chair.

Together we climbed life's rough mountain,
Together we smiled when 'twas fair,
Together we drank from love's fountain,
Now I weep o'er that lone, vacant chair.

But soon will be ended my sorrow,
Soon, soon will I meet her o'er there;
She is waiting to greet me that morrow,
When there will be no more vacant chair.

September 17th, 1903.

DEATH.

Written on the Death of the Author's Wife.

WHAT is death? A mystery deep,
A semblance of eternal sleep,
 But 'tis not really so.
Death is the gateway into life,
A laying down of this world's strife,
A cutting with the reaper's knife
 The cords that bind below.

Releasing the immortal part,
A setting free the vital spark,
 The heaven-born inner man;
Leaving the seen for the unseen,
Worn-out fields for pastures green,
Where nothing mortal e'er has been,
 Fulfilling God's own plan.

Leaving the sorrow and the pain,
Leaving the losses and the gain,
 The disappointments here.
Leaving the false to find the true,
The many for to join the few
Who have gone tribulations through,
 To Heaven's eternal sphere.

DEATH.

Leaving the shadow for the real,
The groping after for to feel
 True reality in God's plan.
Leaving the dross of earthly love,
For pure celestial springs above,
Whose overflowing fountains prove
 God's deep, true love to man.

Could we the inner workings see
Of what's called Death, in reality
 We'd love him, and not fear;
I've watched him stealing slowly on,
I've heard the sigh, I've heard the groan,
The bursting of the heart's deep moan,
 For her I loved sincere.

I've watched him coming day by day,
Stealing my earthly love away.
 I thought my heart was schooled
To bear the last, the final shock,
To be as firm as granite rock
When stopped the works of nature's clock,
 But found that I was fooled.

When the last quivering, long-drawn sigh
Proclaimed transition now is nigh,
 Something in me gave way,
And nature's flood-gates opened wide,
Love's fountain's o'erflowed with a tide,
The human part within me cried
 To God, His hand to stay.

DEATH.

This was but human-nature's song,
And in it there was nothing wrong,
For Christ did often weep;
And in His soul's deep agony
Cried, "Let this cup now pass from me,
Yet not my will, but Thine, let be,"
My Father's love so deep.

This have I learned in sixty years,
That Death is not what he appears,
The enemy of man;
But rather mankind's truest friend,
God's servant, working for an end,
In harmony this work will blend,
Fulfilling Heaven's deep plan.

September 20th, 1903.

LINES

To Miss Bessie McDonald, Edinburgh, Scotland, thanking
her for a box of heather.

THANKS for the purple heather,
From Pitlochry's bonnie braes,
Where it grew in its sweet fragrance,
Inspiring the poet's lays.
God bless the hand that gathered it,
And sent it o'er the sea;
The name of Bessie McDonald
Will aye be dear to me.

Septeml 23rd, 1903.

DESPONDENCY.

DREARY and sad are my nights,
Weary and lone are by days,
Pale seem the moon's silvery lights,
Dimmed are the sun's golden rays,

Joyless the songs of the grove,
Lustreless the flowers that bloom,
Life's joys seem from me removed,
Gladly I'd welcome the tomb.

Cold is the moan of the wind,
Eerie the sigh of the trees;
In books no pleasure I find;
In life there's nothing to please.

From morning to night I sigh,
From night to morning I moan;
I've wept love's fountains all dry,
Since Kate left me here alone.

Nature seems with me to mourn,
Gently to chide the delay
Of her who ne'er will return
To brighten and cheer life's way.

Oh, gladly I'd welcome rest,
The sleep in the cold, dark tomb;
Then I'll join her I love best,
Where partings never can come.

September 28th, 1903.

THE HOME THAT MOTHER MADE.

WHEN the family circle's broken,
And the mother gone away
To that mystic land of spirits,
Where on golden harps they play,

Where the walls are built of jasper,
And of pearls every gate,
Where the rivers gleam like crystal
In that holy heavenly state,

Then you may search and search in vain,
In this weary desert here,
For that bright home that mother made
And aye bless'd with her sweet cheer.

For when the mother goes away
To that far-off mystic shore,
She takes the home away with her,
And the home is home no more.

We still may keep on calling it
By that sweet and dear old name,
But ah, the home that mother made
Will nevermore be the same.

An aching void will aye be there,
Which no presence e'er can fill;
And home will ne'er be home again,
For such is the Heavenly Will.

THE HOME THAT MOTHER MADE.

This is the chain that's forged in Heaven,
And anchored in that bright sphere,
To draw our hearts away from earth,
And what most we worship here.

God takes our loved ones one by one,
And each one that's called away
Another link forms in the chain
For to wean us from earth's clay.

But oh, tis hard to kiss the rod,
And to bless the hand that smites,
But when the curtain's drawn aside
We'll then see the "whys" and "rights."

October 13th, 1903.

SINCE DEATH TOOK KATE AWAY.

DREARY is the world now,
That once looked bright and fair;
Lonely are the weary nights,
The days are full of care.

Mute are the forest songsters,
That once so sweet did sing,
And all the flowers seem blighted,
That round my pathway spring.

The sun that shone so dazzling
Now sheds a feeble ray,
The moon and stars seem weeping,
Since my love went away.

This world seems so big now,
And full of empty space,
There is something that I miss
In many an old friend's face.

What once my soul delighted,
No pleasure now doth give;
I feel so sad and lonely,
I'd rather die than live.

Is this change in the world?
And is it come to stay?
Or is the change in myself,
Since Death took Kate away?

November 14th, 1903.

DO I MISS HER ?

" We never miss the sun till he hides behind a cloud.
We never miss our loves till they're sleeping in their shroud."

Do I miss her? Need you ask it?
Does the linnet miss his mate,
Which some ruthless hand has murdered
In the wantonness of fate?

Do the violets miss the dewdrops
Which the sunbeams steal away?
Do the roses miss the sunbeams
At the closing of the day?

Did our parents in the garden,
When first driven forth to roam,
Miss the presence of the Founder
And the Builder of that Home?

Does the parched earth miss the rain-showers,
For to make it fresh and gay?
Does the sailor miss his compass
When by seas it's washed away?

Would the angels up in glory,
In that sphere beyond all space,
Miss the presence of the Godhead,
If He should but hide His face?

KIND THOUGHTS.

If you answer well these questions
You will not fail for to see
How I must miss my own heart's love,
Whom Death stole away from me.

November 24th, 1903.

KIND THOUGHTS.

Lines composed upon receiving from Bessie a Christmas
card with the motto "Kind Thoughts."

"KIND thoughts" are like to angels' tears,
They sweeten where they fall;
They smooth the rugged paths of life,
And sweetness make of gall.

And oh, 'tis bliss for me to know
That someone thinks of me,
With kindly feelings in her heart,
Away beyond the sea.

'Twill nerve me on to face the life
The future has in store,
'Twill help me gain a higher plane
Than e'er I've reached before.

"Kind Thoughts" from her will cheer my soul,
Though darkening clouds may rise;
They'll be a magnet in my heart,
To strive to win the prize.

KIND THOUGHTS.

Heaven with the one hand took away,
But with the other gave;
It sent to me another love,
My wounded heart to lave.

Why should I not Heaven's powers implore?
To bless this winsome lassie,
And pray that she may ever be,
To me, my loving Bessie.

December 23rd, 1903.

LINES

Written to be read on Burns' Night, 1904.

THE rolling year again doth bring
The birthday of our poet-king.
A nobler never blessed this sphere;
To every Scotchman he is dear.

Of noble, independent mind,
He was the king of all mankind;
To stoop to meanness he'd disdain,
And slavery thrilled his soul with pain.

His not the muse to sing for pelf,
His not the muse to bow to wealth,
His not the muse to lowly cringe,
Of royal robes to kiss the fringe.

His not the muse to fawn on state,
To beg a smile from rich or great;
His not the muse to trembling stand
With downcast eyes and hat in hand.

His was the muse ordained by God
From weary hearts to lift the load,
To drag oppression from its throne,
And dance to hear its dying groan.

LINES FOR BURNS' NIGHT.

His was the muse that did not spare
To show hypocrisy's dark lair;
And oh, how sweetly he could sing
Of noble virtue's hidden spring!

And when he touched with gentle hand
The chords of love, at his command
From hardened hearts 'twould draw the tear.
Or cause a smile there to appear.

Should patriotic themes inspire,
Men's hearts he'd fairly set on fire;
His was the power the world to sway,
That power is still his own to-day.

Then may the world, on this his day,
Accept from me this humble lay;
'Tis weak, 'tis faulty, but sincere,
And penned with true affection's tear.

Well may the world this day revere,
As round it comes with rolling year;
Well may each Scotchman lilt, in turns,
The birthday of their poet, BURNS.

January 11th, 1904.

TO GRACIE.

WHERE the "Kam's" silvery waves kiss the feet of
Mount McKay,
As they roll on in beauty to the famed Thunder Bay,
It is there, in the town smiling sweet on the plain,
Where lives my own Gracie, and her love is my ain.

Refrain—

She is fair as the morning,
She is sweet as the rose,
She is pure as the lily
On which dewdrops repose.

Her heart is as true as the needle to the pole,
Her love is as pure as the sunshine of her soul,
And bright is the glance of the love-light in her e'e,
And she keeps a' her smiles and sweet kisses for me.

May the angels in heaven guard my Gracie so fair,
May she ne'er have a sorrow, nor ever a care;
May her days all be passed in the sunbeams of love,
May her home here below be like the home above.

January 17th, 1904.

AT LAST.

I'm weary and lonesome since Heaven took away
The star of my night and the sun of my day;
I oft hoped and prayed that I would be the first
To cross o'er the river to the land of rest.

But Heaven did not will that it was so to be;
Perhaps God picked first the ripe fruit from the tree,
And left me to mellow and ripen with age,
Before closing the book of life's sacred page.

I cannot but mourn for the loss of my love,
But the day soon will come when we'll meet above,
And oh, what a rapturous joy it will be
To be reunited by heaven's shoreless sea.

The kiss that I gave her, when cold, cold she lay
In the casket of death, to me she'll repay;
And then, 'mongst the groves of yon angelic shore,
For ever we'll love and be parted no more.

There's no disappointments and no sorrow there;
There's no scalding tears and there's no bitter care,
The trials and troubles of earth will be past;
'Tis Heaven, home and rest for the weary AT LAST.

January 21st, 1904.

GOD BLESS THE HEATHER.

DEAR are the flowers o' auld Scotland tae me
Sweet are the daisies that bloom on the lea,
Bonnie wave the bluebelle on ilka braeside,
But Heaven bless the heather whatever betide.

Chorus—

Then God bless the heather,
And may it aye be
A bond o' true love
'Tween my Bessie and me.

Braw is the broom wi' its tassels o' gold,
Lovely the cowslips that smile by the wold;
But nane o' the flowerets by stream or by tide
Compare wi' the heather on the steep hillside.

Then God bless the heather, etc.

Heaven bless the heather will aye be my prayer;
Through it I found what on earth is most rare:
A lassie as sweet and as pure as Heaven's love,
Whose heart is as true as the angels above.

Then God bless the heather, etc.

January 23rd, 1904.

MY LASS OWER THE SEA.

Oh, weel dae I lo'e the land o' the heather,
The land o' the thistle, the broom and bluebell;
There by the "Tummel and banks o' the Garry,"
Doth Bessie McDonald, my sweet lassie, dwell.

Refrain—

Then here's tae auld Scotland, the hame o' my
Bessie,

There's nae land I ken has the same charms for me,
While Heaven gi'es me life I will sing o' its praises,
And hilt loud my love for my lass ower the sea.

Oh, weel dae I lo'e the land o' the primrose,
The land o' the cowslip and daisy sae sweet,
And weel dae I lo'e ilk glen and ilk braeside,
Where I and my Bessie were aye wont tae meet.

Then here's tae auld Scotland, etc.

Bonnie and fair is the land o' the maple,
And bright are the maidens this side o' the sea;
Sweet is the mayflower that scents the eve's breezes,
But there's nae maid or flower like Bessie tae me.

Then here's tae auld Scotland, etc.

January 29th, 1904.

BESSIE'S HAME.

WHERE the Tummel and Garry
Dance 'mang bonnie Highland hills,
And the sun kiss the waves o' Loch Lomond,
Where the heather's purple bloom
Sheds sweet fragrance a' aroun',
And the wee birds sing sweet in the gloamin',

Chorus—

'Tis there 'mang the fells and the bonnie grassy dells,
Where the light o' my life is now dwelling;
She's the rudder o' my soul, o'er my heart she holds
control,
My bosom with love for her is swelling.

Where the winding, classic Tay
Sweeps along past bank and brae,
And the Braan glints sae gay in the mornin',
Where the dark and frownin' Ben
Guards both strath and hill and glen,
And the wild deer drink deep frae Loch Lomond,

'Tis there 'mang the fells, etc.

In this wild land o' renown,
Where lochs smile and mountains frown,
And the hearts o' her sons and her daughters
Are as true as Heaven itsel',
Where the holy angels dwell,
And as pure as that Eden's bright waters.

'Tis there 'mang the fells, etc.

WAITING.

Where the bonnie Struan hills
With rapture ilk bosom fills,
And the sun aye shines bright and sae cheery
'Twas there my ain sweet lassie,
My ain dear winsome Bessie,
Did vow aye tae lo'e her "Bard, Glen-Eerie."
'Tis there 'mang the fells, etc.

March 9th, 1904.

WAITING.

WHEN my heart is torn with doubtings,
And my soul is swathed in gloom,
Vainly waiting for the answer
To make life as bright as noon,
I count the long and weary days,
For a missive o'er the sea,
To brighten up and cheer my soul
And bring Heaven's bliss to me.

April 9th, 1904.

AULD LANG SYNE.

WHEN the sun o' life is sinkin',
Behind the hills o' time,
Oh, it's cheerin' tae look backward
Tae the days o' lang syne;
'Tis then life's sweetest memories
Taegether a' combine
Tae spread a mystic halo roun'
The days o' auld lang syne.

The days o' auld lang syne, my dear,
The days o' auld lang syne,
The bluid is cauld that winna warm
At thochts o' auld lang syne.

We see upon life's mirror's face
Oor bairnhoods happy dreams,
We climb again the heathery hills,
And paidle in the streams.
We gump the minnows in the burn,
When bricht the sun dis shine;
It cheers the heart tae live again
The days o' auld lang syne.

It gars oor auld hearts melt again,
And tears rin frae oor een,
When we think on oor first sweetheart
We kissed doon in yon dean;
Sae bashfu' as we baith did look,
And blushed like roses fine,
But wide's the seas that row atween
Oor loves and auld lang syne.

AULD LANG SYNE.

We've wandered many a weary mile,
In countries far away,
And seen what we aye wished tae see,
In youth's bricht, happy day.
But a' the scenes and freen's we've met,
In fourscore years o' time,
There's nane o' them hae truer been,
Than freen's o' auld lang syne.

And noo, when drifting doon the stream,
Tae that far, unkenned shore,
It cheers oor hearts tae bring tae mind
The freen's we had o' yore;
Sae we will fill oor glasses up
Wi' bluid-red sparklin' wine,
And drink the world's deathless toast,
"The days o' auld lang syne."

August 16th, 1904.

TO BABY.

Cooing little baby,
On your mother's knee,
In the mystic future,
Oh, what will you be?
Will you bring her sunshine?
Will you bring her care?
Will your heaven-born purity
Ever be as fair?

Dear, sweet, angel baby,
From the heavenly fold,
Thou art come to cheer us,
In this world so cold.

Smiling little baby,
Sucking at your thumbs,
Trying to get your toes
In between your gums;
Little feet a-kicking,
Little hands a-go,
Little eyes a-sparkling,
Skin as fair as snow.

Little happy baby,
Free from sin and care,
May God's holy angels
Make your life's path fair.
May you bring a blessing
To your parents dear,
May you find a welcome
To the heavenly sphere.

September 8th, 1904.

CALMLY WAITING.

I'm waiting, calmly waiting,
For my soul to wing its flight,
Away from earthly sorrow
To some paradise of light.
Away from earthly trials,
Which have sore beset me here,
Causing me many heartaches,
And many a bitter tear.

I'm waiting, calmly waiting,
To meet those who've gone before;
I know they're watching for me,
Over on the other shore.
Joyful will be the meeting,
When the mists have rolled away;
There will be no more shadows
In that bright celestial day.

I'm waiting, calmly waiting,
For to hear the glad "Well done,"
And hear the words of welcome
From Heaven's own angelic throng;
To hear the bursts of music
That will greet my entrance there;
The wondrous sights enchanting
In that Beulah land so fair.

September 10th, 1904.

HOME.

OUR homes aye have a charm,
Tho' of logs the walls may be;
The roof may be of bark,
Taken from the forest tree;
It matters not to us,
Be it logs or brick or stone,
'Tis the fond hearts that's there,
That aye makes for us the "home."

Refrain—

Oh, dear is the sound of "home,"
There's a spell in the very name;
Be it cot, castle or ha',
Our love for it is aye the same.

Of all words that's been coined,
There is none that's half so sweet
As the dear old word "home,"
Where true hearts in union meet;
'Tis there a mother's smile
Doth aye lighten every care,
'Tis there a father's voice
Pleads for each one in prayer.
Oh, dear is the sound of "home," etc.

We may wander away,
And in far-off lands may roam,
But our hearts aye will turn
To that dear and sweet place, "home";

I WAITED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

There is some subtle power
That has ne'er yet been defined,
It aye doth draw our hearts
Where the light first on us shined.

Oh, dear is the sound of "home," etc.

November 5th, 1904.

I WAITED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

I WAITED in the moonlight,
Beside our trysting-tree;
The time was long and weary,
You did not come to me.
The thought that racked my bosom,
And burst my heart in twain,
Was "Will my false love never
Meet with me here again?"

Refrain—

I'm weary, weary waiting
For you to come once more,
And hear you say you love me,
As in the days of yore.
I never will reproach you,
Or say you've faithless been;
I'll forget the weary waitings
When I reign once more your queen.

I WAITED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

I waited in the moonlight,
To hear thy voice once more,
And be pressed to thy bosom,
As oft I'd been before.
I in fancy felt thy kiss
Pressed on my lips and brow,
As, in thy arms reclining,
I listened to each vow.

I'm weary, weary waiting, etc.

I waited in the moonlight,—
You never came again;
My soul was torn with anguish,
My heart was rent with pain;
And yet I do not blame thee,—
Perhaps the fault was mine;
And I will love thee ever.
My love is true! What's thine?

I'm weary, weary waiting, etc.

November 9th, 1904.

WINTER.

THE wintry winds are howling now
Round Mount McKay's cold, rocky brow,
Wild black clouds drift athwart the sky,
In ice-bound shroud Gamee doth lie.

Chorus—

Oh, winter days are dreary,
With their cold and icy sky;
And winter nights are weary,
When deep the snowdrifts lie.

The "Kam," that doth so brightly shine
With rainbow hues in summer time,
Is now enrobed in adamant,
Its lulling songs are all now spent

Oh, winter days are dreary, etc.

The pine trees bend, like monarchs hoar,
Before the storm-king's sullen roar;
The cariboo and deer doth cower
And shiver in their snowy bower.

Oh, winter days are dreary, etc.

The song-birds on the leafless sprays
No longer warble their sweet lays;
With feet and head tucked under wing
They shivering sit and dream of spring.

Oh, winter days are dreary, etc.

THE WHISPERINGS OF THE PAST.

The brooklet's cheery voice and song
Is heard no more green groves among;
All nature rests in frozen sleep
When Winter doth his vigils keep.

Oh, winter days are dreary, etc.

November 13th, 1904.

THE WHISPERINGS OF THE PAST.

WHEN in the pensive twilight,
I sit dreaming of the past,
A flood of golden mem'ries
Sweep o'er me like a blast;
They come from out the silence
Where the sleeping angels dwell,
And all around me hover,
Like some dreamy, mystic spell.

Refrain—

I hearken to their whisperings,
Of days that's long gone by,
And tears will tremble in my heart,
And glisten in each eye;
Youth's days, so bright and golden,
Before me will appear,
And I live again life's childhood,
When all seemed born to cheer.

THE WHISPERINGS OF THE PAST.

How sublime are those whisperings,
That come to me out of space,
Far, far from all known regions,
Filling full my heart with grace;
They soften all the feelings,
That have hardened been by time,
They call back golden mem'ries,
When so bright youth's sun did shine.

I hearken to their whisperings, etc.

They bathe the soul in sunlight,
Spreading o'er the heart a gleam,
Of soft and sweet effulgence
From out Lethe's fabled stream;
But like the mists at day-dawn
They as quickly melt away,
And leave life's sternest duties
To be faced as best they may.

I hearken to their whisperings, etc.

March 13th, 1905.

MY BONNIE SCOTCH LASSIE.

Tune—"The Lass o' Patie's Mill."

I LO'VE my lassie weel,
She is bonnie and fair,
Her broo is like marble,
Like siller gowd her hair;
Her cheek's saft an' rosy,
That nae bloom can surpass,
In my heart she reigns queen,
Doth my bonnie Scotch lass.

Refrain—

Then fill up your glasses,
Tae her name be the toast,
My bonnie Scotch lassie,
We will make her our boast;
We will toast her this nicht,
Tho' she's far o'er the sea,
For weel, weel dae I ken,
That her heart's true tae me.

Her een are aye glancin',
Like the stars in the blue,
Her lips are like honey,
Smothered ower wi May dew;
And her bosom's as white
As the hoar-frost or snaw;
My bonnie Scotch lassie
Is the queen o' them a'.

Then fill up your glasses, etc.

MY BONNIE SCOTCH LASSIE.

Her movements resemble
The melody in sang,
They're sae rolling an' saft,
As she's gliding alang.
An' her heart is as true
As the compass or square;
There's nane wi' my lassie,
My Scotch lass, can compare.

Then fill up your glasses, etc.

June 29th, 1905.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

LAST night as I lay tossing
And trying to woo sleep,
A storm was raging loudly,
And fierce the rain did beat
Upon my bedroom window;
It splashed and dashed away
Like to the raging ocean
When churning foam and spray.

I thought upon my dear ones,
Lying cold beneath the sod,
And wondered if the cold rain
Would reach their still abode;
I knew 'twas but the caskets
That were lying lonely there,
I knew the immortal spirits
Were beyond all human care.

Yet I could not help but mourn,
And my heart felt strangely moved,
For 'twas not those same caskets
That my soul so deeply loved.
We love not the dark unseen;
Say, rather, we it fear;
It is the something tangible
Our hearts love and revere.

July 4th, 1905.

THE LANE AULD MAN.

OH, weary is the life o' a lane auld man;
There's nane for him tae care, as the years slip alang,
The bairns that he dandled sae aft on his knee
Wish fifty times a day that the auld man wad dee.

He's aye in the way, let him sit where he will,
And he aye says things wrang, be they gude, be they ill;
Whatever he dis is aye sure tae be wrang,—
Oh, wae, wae is the life o' a lane auld man.

The wee bite he eats is aye grudged him fu' sair,
The auld claes that hap him are scanty and bare;
Ilk look he may get is a glunch and a glume;
If he's noticed at a', it is aye wi' a frown.

When ithers sit doon tae their tea, eggs and toast,
A wee dish o' parritch is a' he can boast;
And aft the auld stamack can't touch it ava,
Sae he maun e'en gang withoot,—naething else dare
he ca'.

Nae wonder his face has a look fu' o' wae,
Nae wonder the wrinkles wear deeper ilk day,
Nae wonder his locks, sae jet black in life's morn,
Are white as the hoar-frost or bloom on the thorn.

MY MARY.

Heaven willna blame him that he wishes tae dee,
And gang tae that land where frae care he'll be free;
For in that bright hame that is now drawing near,
A welcome he'll get, though there's nane for him here.

July 6th, 1905.

MY MARY.

Tune—"Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane."

My Mary is sweet as the bloom on the thorn bush,
And bright is the glance o' her dark rollin' e'e,
Like sunbeams o' glory sae glancin an' sparklin',
They smile in their splendor sae sweetly on me.
She's tall as the sunflower that grows in the garden,
She's sweet as the gowan that blooms on yon lea,
Soft, soft are her smiles and sae sweet her caresses,
And a' her sweet favours she aye keeps for me.

Refrain—

My Mary is bonnie, my Mary is modest,
My Mary aye keeps a' her kisses for me.

Gracefu' and fair is the fern in its forest shade,
And sweet is the scent o' the bonnie mayflower;
Blue as the heavens is the dear, sweet forget-me-not,
And golden the cowslip by fair garden bower.

MY MARY.

Pure is the lily, and purer is the snawdrap,
And sweet do the blooms blush on ilka rose tree,
But a' the sweet flowers in garden or forest glade,
They're no half so fair as my Mary tae me.

My Mary is bonnie, my Mary is modest,
My Mary aye keeps a' her favours for me.

Lang, lang hae I loe'd her sincerely and truly,
And hope for the day when she will be my ain,
I ne'er lo'ed anither, before I met wi' her,
And weel dae I ken I will ne'er lo'e again.
And fondly I'll prize the dear gift sent frae heaven,
I'll watch her and tend her whatever may be,
In sickness, in health, and in sweet joy or sorrow,
I'll be true tae Mary, for she's true tae me.

My Mary is bonnie, my Mary is modest,
My Mary aye keeps a' her favours for me.

July 12th, 1905.

A MODERN JACOBITE SONG.

AWAKE, my slumbering harp, awake,
And sing in sweetest strain
A welcome tae the Stuart race,
Now scattered ower the main.

Refrain—

When will ye come back again?
When will ye come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
When will ye come hame tae reign?

We ken there's many o' the blood
That flowed in Charlie's vein,
Now living in a foreign land,
We'd gladly welcome hame.

When will ye come back again, etc.

Come ower tae Scotland, and you'll find
Hearts yet baith true and leal,
Hearts warm yet tae the Stuart cause,
Hearts yet as true as steel.

When will ye come back again, etc.

In Canada you'll find friends here,
Aye ready tae proclaim
Their interest in the Stuart race,
And shout a welcome hame.

When will ye come back again, etc.

• MODERN JACOBITE SONG.

In Edina's Castle, on yon rock,
A crown is waiting there;
Nae ither but the Stuart race
That crown shall ever wear.

When will ye come back again, etc.

Than come frae where the southern seas
Roll on a foreign shore;
Wi' loyal hearts we'll welcome you
Tae hame and rights once more.

When will ye come back again, etc.

July 30th, 1905.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

FOR thirty years I've been an exile,
Far frae Scotland's bonnie braes,
Far, far frae ilka glen and mountain,
Where convene green-coated fays.

Refrain—

Now I'm rollin', rollin' hameward,
Rollin' hame across the sea,
Rollin hame tae dear auld Scotland
And the freen's sae dear tae me.

Far, far in foreign lands I've wandered,
In the wild pursuit o' gold,
Through forests dark and wild and hoary,
By streams that could dark tales unfold.

Now I'm rollin', rollin' hameward, etc.

Often when worn and weary wanderin',
Thoughts o' Scotland cheered my way,
Thoughts o' dear freen's across the ocean
Lightened many a darksome day.

Now I'm rollin', rollin' hameward, etc.

But will all those I left behind me
Still be there to grasp my hand?
Will we all meet, as last we parted,
When I left my native land.

Now I'm rollin', rollin' hameward, etc.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

Will there no be some weel-loved faces
Missin' frae that freen'ship band,
Some who may have gone on before me,
Crossed the tide and reached yon strand.

Now I'm rollin', rollin' hameward, etc.

Time may have cooled youth's dearest freen'ship,
Time may lead fond hearts astray,
But while life throbs within my bosom,
There will Scotland hold her sway.

Now I'm rollin', rollin' hameward, etc.

August 17th, 1905.

CRADLE SONG.

Dedicated to the Mothers of Canada.

HUSH, my own baby,
On mother's knee,
Softly I'll dandle
And sing to thee.
Close those sweet eyelids,
Fold those dear hands,
Dream of the angels
In far-off lands.

Refrain—

Hush-a-bye baby; hush, baby dear,
Sleep now in peace, for mother is here.
Dream of the angels that hover around,
Guarding my babe that its sleep may be sound.

Hush, my own baby,
Mother is here,
Tending and watching
Her precious dear.
And the bright angels
Will fold their wings
Round baby's cradle,
While mother sings.

Hush-a-bye, baby, etc.

CRADLE SONG.

Hush, my own baby,
Hush, and go sleep;
Mother is weary,
Tho' toil is sweet.
Nestle your wee head
'Mongst pillows white.
Hush now, my darling,
Hush, and good-night.

Hush-a-bye, baby, etc.

January 19th, 1906.

THE UNSEEN LAND.

WHEN floating down life's river,
I now calmly look before,
And hear the tides a-lapping
Softly 'gainst the unseen shore.
I hear the swell of music,
Tho' I cannot see the band,
But I know it is the echo
Coming from the unseen land.

I often hear sweet voices,
And I try to catch the strain;
I'd like to learn the melody,
And join in the sweet refrain.
But when I try to hearken,
The sweet strains melt away,
As in springtime the snow-wreaths,
Or sunbeams at dying day.

Tho' I feel disappointed,
Yet I know the day is near,
When I will join those singers,
In that happy, heavenly sphere.
When the toils and cares of life,
All its sorrows and its tears,
Will be sunk 'neath Lethe's waters,
Through eternity's long years.

February 24th, 1906.

THE AULD SANGS.

COME, sing me a sang o' the auld, auld days,
A sang o' the aulden time,
For there's nae sangs noo like the gude auld sangs,
And there's few that can them sing.

Refrain—

Then sing me a sang, a gude auld sang,
A sang wi' a trembling tear,
A sang that will bring tae mind auld days,
'Tis sic sangs I like tae hear.

The sangs o' the day are but worthless trash,
They are only jingling rhyme;
They may bring a smile, but canna bring the tear
Like sangs o' the aulden time.

Then sing me a sang, a gude auld sang, etc.

The sangs that my faether an' mither sang,
"Bonnie Doon" an' "Robin Gray,"
The "Land o' the Leal" an' "Loch Lomond's Banks"
Are sangs that will last for aye.

Then sing me a sang, a gude auld sang, etc.

March 1st, 1906.

THE ENDING OF LIFE'S STORMS.

WHEN howling winds and drifting snow
From off Superior's bosom blow;
When scudding clouds in wild array
Enshroud from sight grim Mount McKay;
When the old "Kam," in icy shroud,
Proclaims in language clear and loud,
That summer days have taken wing,
And Winter stern now reigns as king;

'Tis then I love to sit beside
A glowing stove, both tall and wide,
And listen to the raging blast,
Like demon's howl, as it sweeps past;
And watch the dancing snowflakes wild,
As they in marble hills are piled.
I love Dame Nature in this mood,
And worship her in solitude.

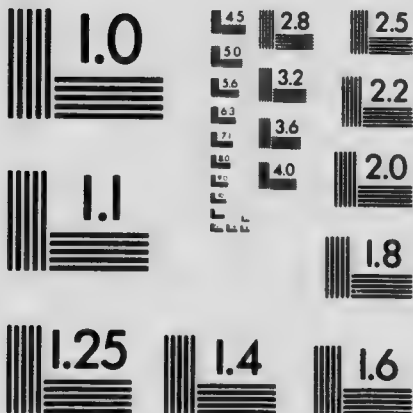
The rougher that the storm may be,
'Tis more in unison with me;
• And when the storm-cloud surges past,
And smiling bursts the sun at last
Upon the snow-enshrouded plain,
Like diamonds dazzling in its train,
Then I do pray, like storms, my life
May end with sunshine, free from strife.

March 4th, 1906.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

WEEP WITH THOSE WHO WEEP.

Written at a time when there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in town, and very many deaths therefrom.

THE crape now hangs on many a door;
Within the mourners weep
For those who've gone beyond recall,
And sleeping death's deep sleep.

The husband mourns his early love,
The wife mourns for her lord,
The children mourn for parents dear,
Cut down with Death's keen sword.

The mother mourns a daughter sweet,
The father mourns his boy,
The lovers mourn for those who were
Their life's spring and their joy.

Surely the curse of heaven must fall
On those who were to blame,
Who through their imbecility
Have wrought this deadly game. •

Then let a city's prayers ascend
To Him whose ways are deep,
To stay the scourge, and let us all
Now weep with those who weep.

March 16th, 1906.

LIFE IS NOT ALWAYS SUNSHINE.

LIFE is not always sunshine,
Dark clouds do often come;
When the darkness passes by,
We'll prize the more the sun.

Chorus—

Never let us faint or weary,
Wear a smile and be full cheery,
He who laughs will live the longest,
He who conquers care, the strongest.

The louder the storm doth rage,
More peaceful seems the calm;
The more painful is the wound,
We prize the more the balm.

Never let us faint or weary, etc.

The more we're tired and weary,
The sweeter is night's rest;
When false friends oft deceive us,
Then one true friend's more blest.

Never let us faint or weary, etc.

Of life let us make the best,
Never sit down and mourn;
Though the clouds seem dark to-day,
Sunshine will come in turn.

Never let us faint or weary, etc.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME OF FORT WILLIAM.

When the skies seem the darkest,
When tempests loudest roar;
There will be a glory beam,
Bursting through the darkest door.

Never let us faint or weary, etc.

April 27th, 1906.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME OF
FORT WILLIAM.

To the Editor *Times-Journal*;

Is it desirable to change the name of Fort William?
I think it will be a great mistake. It will break the
chain of old associations which are dear to many. And
the early pioneers who had sense enough to choose such
a glorious situation, surely had sense enough to make
no mistake in the choosing of a name; two hundred
years of history have proved this true.

In early days, from Scotland's braes,
A sturdy band of heroes came
To trap the bear, beaver and mink,
And many other furry game.

They built a fort, began a port,
Where red-men and the bear did roam,
And with their minds far o'er the sea,
Named it after their highland home.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME OF FORT WILLIAM.

Two hundred years, as it appears,
Fort William's known o'er land and sea,
Some few, it seems, for sake of change,
Say that the name should changed be.

But wiser heads will yet prevail,
And keep the name the world knows.
"Fort William," I predict, will shine,
The fairest city of "The Lady of the Snows."

Yours for no change,

THE BARD O' GLEN-EERIE.

June, 1906.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the Author of
"The Maple Leaf For Ever."

HE who sang "The Maple Leaf,
The Maple Leaf For Ever,"
Now tunes his harp 'mongst Eden's bowers,
Across dark Jordan's river.

Immortal be the name of Muir,
Who gave to our Dominion
A song to thrill and cheer the soul,
And soar on Music's pinion.

Pile up the marble wide and high,
To tell to future ages,
The author of "The Maple Leaf"
Still lives in History's pages.

July 10th, 1906.

SONS O' SCOTLAND.

Sons o' Scotland, far frae hameland,
In this great Canadian land,
You will miss the scenes o' bairnhood,
Scenes that are baith fair and grand.

Chorus—

But dinna be doon-hearted, brither,
Canada's a glorious land;
Freedom's inscribed on her banner,
Peace and plenty's in her hand.

You will miss the bonnie heather,
And the gowden yellow broom;
Here you'll miss the mavis' singing,
And the cushat's sweet, saft croon.
But dinna be doon-hearted, brither, etc.

You will miss the hawthorn hedges,
With their pink and snaw-white floors,
Sweetly scenting the green loanings
Where you strayed in gloamin's hours.
But dinna be doon-hearted, brither, etc.

Here you'll miss the hoary castle,
On ilk steep and rugged fell,
And maybe you'll miss the lassie
That aft met you in yon dell.
But dinna be doon-hearted, brither, etc.

SONS O' SCOTLAND.

You will miss your auld companions,
Freen's that aye were true as steel;
Time will saften a' your heartaches,
And at hame you soon will feel.

But dinna be doon-hearted, brither, etc.

Here's the field for honest labour,
This the field rewarding toil;
Pregnant are the hills with riches,
Smiling is the fertile soil.

Then dinna be doon-hearted, brither, etc

September 14th, 1907.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

Sons of England, in a foreign land,
You at times may lonely feel,
For you will miss the scenes of childhood,
Youthful comrades true as steel.

Chorus—

But never get despondent, brothers,
Though the present's dark and drear;
Every cloud has its silver lining,
And happy days are drawing near.

You may miss the lowly cottage,
Where the roses twine and blow;
You will miss the hawthorn hedges,
With their blossoms white as snow.
But never get despondent, brothers, etc.

You will miss a mother's welcome,
And a father's earnest prayer,
With the cheering words of sisters,
Which dispelled your gloom and care.
But never get despondent, brothers, etc.

In this far-off land, 'mongst strangers,
You will meet with friendships true;
Country's ties will bind together
English hearts that's leal and true.
But never get despondent, brothers, etc.

SONS OF ENGLAND.

Canada's the land of promise,
'Twill fulfil your every dream;
With stout hearts and hands that's willing,
You will ford the roughest stream.

Then never get despondent, brothers, etc.

Then cheer up! don't get down-hearted,
Though the fates may not seem kind,
Some day soon, before you know it,
Fortune's frowns will lag behind.

Then never get despondent, brothers, etc.

July 27th, 1908.

TO SCOTLAND.

DEAR Scotland, with all thy faults and failings,
Yet of my life thou art still a part;
Dear though I love the land of the maple,
There's a warm spot for thee in my heart.

Chorus——

Bonnie Scotland, I will never
Thee forget, though far away,
I was nursed upon thy bosom,
At thy feet was taught to pray;
'Mong thy hills of purple heather,
In life's morning oft I strayed;
In life's evening, when my sun sets,
There I wish my body laid.

Oft in my dreams I climb thy heath-clad hills,
And hear the linties sing as of yore;
Or stand 'side the cairns where my fathers fell
And watered the heather with their gore.

Bonnie Scotland, I will never, etc.

Canada's valleys and forests are fair,
Boundless her prairies as the blue sea,
Grand are the scenes of her cloud-kissèd mountains,
Fair are her rivers that smile back at me.

Bonnie Scotland, I will never, etc.

TO SCOTLAND.

But Scotland's the land to which my heart turns,
Scotland's the land of heroes and fame;
May Heaven in its wrath look frowning on me,
The day I forget my dear native hame.

Bonnie Scotland, I will never, etc.

December 6th, 1908.

A PRAYER.

O THOU GREAT BEING, hid in heaven
(Wherever that may be),
Now in the mystic hours of night
My soul doth cry to Thee.

I know that I have sinful been,
'Mongst sinners I'm the chief,
But Jesus is a Saviour great,
This is my grand belief.

Though numberless my sins have been,
And scarlet be their hue,
My penitent and humble heart
Whispers, "Christ died for you."

Upon that rock I build my hopes;
When death's cold tide doth roll,
I'll cling unto that promise sweet,
And to it trust my soul.

January 28th, 1909.

HAME.

'MANG a' the grand palaces where I hae been,
There's nane equals yon lowly cot doon by the stream:
Its roof may be heather, its wa's clay and stane,
But in a' the wide warld its equal there's nane.

Hame, hame, dear, dear hame,
Be it ever sae lowly, yet it is my hame.

The birds there sing sweeter than what they dae here,
The floors are mair bonnie, the burnies mair clear,
The sky there seems bluer and kinder tae me,
The licht o' the sun seems far softer tae be.

Hame, hame, etc.

Al exile frae hame, I gang dowie and wae,
And aft greet tae mysel' as I rest on yon brae,
For weel dae I ken the auld folks think o' me,
And pray for their laddie that's far ower the sea.

Hame, hame, etc.

When weary wi' roamin' my steps I will turn,
Tae yon wee theekit hoosie that stands by the burn;
The wee birds will sing, and the bairns leave their game,
Wi' faither and mither they'll welcome me hame.

Hame, hame, etc.

March 14th, 1909.

CANADIAN ANTHEM.

FAIR CANADA, beloved by Heaven,
Proud are we thy sons to be;
Favoured one among the nations,
Thou dost reign from sea to sea.

Refrain—

O Canada, my Canada,
Boundless are thy domains;
The hand that formed thee set no bounds,
Nor measured thee with chains;
My Canada, dear Canada.

Untold wealth is in thy bosom,
Riches in each bubbling stream,
While upon thy boundless prairies
Waves the grain with golden sheen.
O Canada, my Canada, etc.

Truly the god-hand that formed thee
Must have been the God-Divine,
Wealth on thee He poured unmeasured,
Wealth of forest, field and mine.
O Canada, my Canada, etc.

God of heaven and God of nations,
We, thy people, to Thee bow;
May Thy blessings still continue
O'er our Canada to flow.
O Canada, my Canada, etc.

CANADIAN ANTHEM.

Guard, oh, guard our loved Dominion;
May each son a patriot be,
Virtue rule each daughter's bosom,
Union reign from sea to sea.

O Canada, my Canada, etc.

Grant our rulers heavenly wisdom,
Give our teachers minds of fire,
Grant our judges penetration,
May all men to truth aspire.

O Canada, my Canada, etc.

April 4th, 1909.

SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

SWEET were the hours that I spent with my darling,
Her head on my bosom, her hand clasped in mine;
Her soft, hazel eyes beaming bright as the morning
From which shone love's glances, so heavenly divine.

Chorus—

But now she has left me for ever,
And gone to the ever-green shore;
Now I am sad and so lonely,
For her I shall never see more.

Sweet were the words we then spoke to each other,
While dreaming of bliss that was yet held in store,
And building up castles that's built by each lover;
By me those sweet dreams will be dreamt nevermore.

But now she has left me for ever, etc.

Death's cold, chilling frost did nip in full blossom
The flower of my soul, of my heart the just pride,
And stole my sweet darling away from my bosom;
I feel 'twon't be long when I'm laid by her side.

But now she has left me for ever, etc.

SWEET WERE THE HOURS.

Sweet be her sleep that the cold earth now covers,
And fair be the flowers that around her bed spring;
Soft be the zephyr that o'er her grave hovers,
Sweet, sweet be the songs that the little birds sing.

But now she has left me for ever, etc.

May each whisp'ring breeze sigh out her due praises,
May each heaven-born flower of her loveliness tell,
May each murmuring stream that sings thro' the mazes
Her sweet goodness echo thro' forest and dell.

But now she has left me for ever, etc.

December 23rd, 1909.

'TIS THEN I WISH TO DIE.

I wish to die when fields are green,
And every flower is fresh and fair;
I wish to die when wild birds sing
And music fills the earth and air;
'Tis then I wish to die.

I wish to die when not too old,
With brow furrowed by care and pain;
When the sweet sunbeams warm the mould,
And rainbows dance upon the plain;
'Tis then I wish to die.

I wish to die with dear friends near,
Dear friends that always have been true;
I wish to die in faith, not fear,
Trusting the Lord to lead me through;
'Tis then I wish to die.

I wish to die with work full done,
With every task done and complete,
Then go to sleep with the setting sun,
To wake up at my Saviour's feet;
That's how and when I wish to die.

February 27th, 1910.

LOVE MAKES THE HOME.

You may dwell in a castle, a palace or cot,
But 'tis not the building that creates a home;
You may have all the riches that Solomon got,
And yet of true happiness you may have none.

Refrain—

Where Love builds his nest, that is home,
Contentment will dwell within that door;
Sweet Peace will be found ne'er to roam,
But will dwell 'neath that roof evermore.

Of pearls and jewels you may have a large share,
And own silks and satins the envy of all;
If Love and Contentment be not hand in hand there,
'Twill be like fair Eden just after the Fall.

Where Love builds his nest, that is home, etc.

'Tis Love makes the home, be it ever so lowly,
'Tis Love makes the home, be it ever so grand;
A home is not home if true Love is not solely
The King of the realm in dear home's happy land.

Where Love builds his nest, that is home, etc.

October 3rd, 1910.

THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.

Written for my Sixty-eighth Birthday.

THE tide of time is rolling fast,
Sixty-eight years have now rolled past;
Two years will bring the allotted span
That Heaven has promised unto man.

When I look back upon those years,
How very short the time appears!
It seems but yesterday to me,
Since I knelt by my mother's knee.

Then came the days of schoolboy lore,
To fit me for the life before;
But through life's mists I could not see
What the dark future held for me.

Next came the golden hours of youth,
In which I learned life's deepest truth;
Life then seemed fair as Eden's bowers,
My pathway was aglow with flowers.

Then came the days of manhood's years,
With all their sorrows, joys and tears,
The cares of husband, fatherhood,
All came from God, as He saw good.

THREESCORE YEARS AND TEN.

Now comes the "threescore years and ten;"
I calmly wait for what comes then;
My mind can't pierce the mystery deep,
Nor see beyond death's cold, long sleep.

But I've this hope, through Him who died,
The Son of God, the Crucified,
That over on the other shore
I'll meet my loved ones gone before.

January 29th, 1911.

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee, my darling,
When the evening shadows fall,
And in night's silent watches
In my dreams I'll thee recall;
And when the rosy morning
Bursts forth with radiant sheen,
I then will think of thee, love,
And what to me you have been.

I'll think of thee at noontide,
When the sun doth brightly shine;
Though dazzling are its glances,
They can never equal thine.
I'll think of thee when gazing
Up to the bright stars above,
While life's blood my bosom warms
I will think of my lost love.

February 7th, 1911.

THE WEARY DAYS O' WINTER.

THE weary days o' winter,
They will soon pass away;
Spring, wi' its bonnie sunshine,
Will soon make us feel gay.
That winter has its pleasures
I canna weel deny,
As, coastin' doon the braesides,
On toboggans we fly.

Chorus—

There's pleasure in the winter, boys,
As weel as bonnie spring,
When youngsters gather on braesides,
And make the v. . . n ring.
We carena for the i . . . ty blast,
Nor yet the driftin' snaw;
Wi' roarin' mirth and frolic wild
We face the cauldest blaw.

I like tae hear the jingle
O' the merry sleighbells,
The happy laugh and chatter
O' the lassies always tells
That mirth reigns in ilk bosom,
Fun glances frae lik e'e;
The happy days o' winter
Are aye welcomed by me.

There's pleasure in the winter, boys, etc.

THE WEARY DAYS O' WINTER.

We meet at dancin' parties,
And spend the night in fun;
The drive hame wi' some lassie
Proves the joys o' life begun;
Wi' your arm about her waist,
And her hand clasped in thine,
I think o' a' the seasons
The winter's maist divine.

There's pleasure in the winter, boys, etc.

February 16th, 1911.

IT'S BONNIE IN THE SPRINGTIME.

It's bonnie in the springtime,
When meadows a' are green,
And ilka ray o' sunshine
Glints wi' a siller sheen;
And bonnie are the woodlands,
Wi' green buds burstin' free,
And a' the feathered songsters
Sing sweetly on ilk tree.

Chorus—

Oh, yes, the spring is bonnie,
Wi' its sunshine and soft showers;
It's like the bonnie springtime
O' our life's sweet happy hours.
The honey in the honey-kame
Nae sweeter canna be
Than the bonnie, bonnie springtime
O' life's untroubled sea.

It's bonnie in the summer,
Wi' a' the flowers in bloom;
It seems tae me like manhood
When he has reached life's noon;

IT'S BONNIE IN THE SPRINGTIME.

For manhood's joys are deeper,
And purer they should be,
For of a' manhood's sorrows
They canna weel be free.

Chorus—

Oh, the summer is fu' bonnie,
It's a glint o' what will be,
When completed is life's story
And passed is death's dark sea.

It's bonnie in the autumn,
When ripe the fruits dae hing,
And golden grains dae rustle
Like birds upon the wing.
Autumn aye brings tae my mind,
Our manhood's latter days;
We then are ripened for the call
For which ilk Christian prays.

Chorus—

Oh, the seasons are a' bonnie,
Winter, summer, autumn, spring;
They represent man's changing years,
And Heaven's wisdom they dae sing.

May 7th, 1911.

THE VERGE OF LIFE.

I'm standing on the verge of life,
Behind me threescore years and ten;
I've had my share of joys and strife,
Shared the same life as most of men.

In youth, like weeds, we riot run,
And squander wide our stores of health
But Nature some day will us dun,
For being lavish with our wealth.

What oft seems pleasant to the eye
Turns out to be wormwood and gall;
The sweetest fruits we oft pass by,
To choose the "apple of the Fall."

How different things now appear,
When all the tinsel's glare is gone!
I wonder, yet I do not fear,
Though beds of down have turned to stone.

Now, at the setting of the sun,
Now, at the curtain's final drop,
I look into the great unknown,
And only can but pray and hope.

September 12th, 1911.

THE DAUGHTER'S FAREWELL.

Supposed to be written by a young girl leaving the
Old Country for Canada.

FAREWELL, mother, I now leave you,
For to cross the angry sea;
My love calls me to come to him,
And his bride I am to be.

Refrain—

But I'll not forget you, mother,
When in my home I reign as queen,
Often I'll think of you, mother,
And of the happy days we've seen.

Farewell, mother, I will never
Your wise teachings throw aside,
I will practice all you've taught me,
When I am my true love's bride.

But I'll not forget you, mother, etc.

Farewell, mother, dry those teardrops,
Do not let them fall for me,
Happiness will be my portion
In that "new land" o'er the sea.

But I'll not forget you, mother, etc.

THE DAUGHTER'S FAREWELL. 1

Farewell, mother, should Heaven bless us,
In that land to which I go,
We may, some day, re-cross the ocean,
Then joy will like a river flow.

But I'll not forget you, mother, etc.

Then I'll feel your dear arms round me,
Feel your kiss upon my cheek,
If tears flow, they will be joy tears,
Joy too sacred for to speak.

But I'll not forget you, mother, etc.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Fold me in your arms again,
But I'll not forget you, mother,
In my home across the main.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

ONE day in my boyhood I wrote a love song,
The rhyme might be crude, and the measure be wrong.
After many long years when the words I'd forgot,
I heard that song sung, but I then knew it not.
So I asked who the writer of that song could be,
And the singer replied, "Why, you wrote it to me."
The singer and I now had hair white as snow,
And we never had met since that day long ago,
But she'd treasured that song through all the long years,
Now the voice of that melody woke me to tears.
It recalled to my mind a young girl and boy
Who roamed through the woodlands with hearts full
 of joy,
And how with a knife that was both sharp and keen
The boy four letters carved, which to-day can be seen
On the trunk of a tree, they show yet quite plain;
The sweet thoughts of those days make me feel young
 again.
How often in youth we've carved letter or word
That after long years has our hearts deeply stirred.

November 8th, 1911.

EPILOGUE.

My book is now written,
My last song is in print,
And it must stand or fall
By what's found to be in't.
I dream not of plaudits,
Not e'en limited praise;
With all imperfections
It goes forth to the gaze
Of the merciless *critics*,
Who may not even deign
Any notice to take
Of this "pet book" of mine.
Well, e'en so let it be;
Anyhow, it's in print,
And "*a book is a book,*
Though there's nothing found in't."

J. W. R.

Fort William,
November 19th, 1911.

